

ONCE UPON A CRIME

By

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Heavy metal doors, sliding. Slamming shut. Rattling keys. Muffled shouts of aggression.

SLAM.

1

INT. SHARED HOLDING CELL - DAY

1

Five guys sit in a shared cell, all dressed in black, each one ready to explode on each other. Five flesh-and-blood time bombs.

IAN (30). Black, tightly-wound, paces.

IAN

We were set up.

SIMMONS

You know what you're saying?

SIMMONS (40). Blonde, car salesman vibes, watches Ian pace back and forth.

IAN

I know exactly what I'm sayin'. We were set up. The cops were on us the second we stepped outside.

SIMMONS

You're saying there's a snitch. A mole.

IAN

We got us a fucking pig in the pen.

LEIGHTON

Shut up. You're giving my ass a headache.

A few chuckles...

LEIGHTON (45). Sinewy muscle and leathery skin. Scarred face. Grey stubble. Agitated.

IAN

Is that a fucking joke?

LEIGHTON

Knock knock.

SIMMONS

Who's there?

IAN

A cop. Any guess who?

(CONTINUED)

SIMMONS
What's that smell, it's burning
my nostrils?

LEIGHTON
Bleach.

EDWARDS
Disinfectant.

SIMMONS
Aren't they the same?

EDWARDS (40). Skeletal, imposing. Eyes like daggers. If
death were a man.

He shakes his head.

LEIGHTON
It's supposed to hide the smell
of shit and puke in these places.

SIMMONS
It's not working.

LEIGHTON
Never does.

EDWARDS
Just breathe through your mouth.

IAN
Am I fucking hearing things? Am I
talking to my fucking self?

EDWARDS
We wish.

IAN
How about you, Leighton? You
two-timing us?

Ian finds himself the target of Leighton's piercing
stare.

LEIGHTON
You must be talking to someone
else.

IAN
Know anyone else called Leighton?

LEIGHTON
My mummy and daddy.

IAN

Edwards, you're sweating.

EDWARDS

I'm hot.

IAN

Answer the fucking question.

EDWARDS

Ask it first.

IAN

You a cop?

EDWARDS

Be careful what you say, Ian. Be even more careful of who you say it to.

IAN

Why am I the only one that gives shit.

EDWARDS

You're not.

IAN

Finally, someone's on my side.

EDWARDS

Never said I was on your side.

SIMMONS

Ok, anyone here believe there isn't a black sheep among us? Sorry Ian, no pun intended.

Four of them exchange nervous glances.

The fifth member of the gang, MAX (22), tough, but human, squats in the corner staring at his hands. He avoids all eye contact.

SIMMONS

The consensus seems to be that we have a mole in our midst. Anybody feel like making a confession?

IAN

Max? You got an opinion?

MAX

What's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

IAN
Why so quiet?

MAX
You accusing me?

IAN
Just asking politely.

MAX
So then go ahead and fucking ask.

IAN
It you? You the cop?

Max gets to his feet.

MAX
Go fuck yourself, Ian.

He punches Ian right in the solar plexus. Ian drops to the dirty concrete floor, gasping for air.

MAX
That's sign language for "no".
Anyone else wants my opinion, I
don't trust a single one of you
fuckers.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE UP: ONCE UPON A CRIME

CUT TO:

2 EXT/INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY 2

GUY SABO (42) suited but unkempt, wired on caffeine, calculated gaze, storms through the front doors of the precinct and scans the dozen officers moving about the place.

He approaches the DESK SERGEANT (28), slaps the desk with a rolled up newspaper, and takes out his badge and ID.

GUY
DCI Guy Sabo. I want to talk to
my prisoners?

3 INT. POLICE PRECINCT, HALLWAYS - DAY 3

Guy sets the pace. He and the Desk Sergeant move quickly through the halls, past busy offices. Ringing phones create a constant din.

Guy slaps the rolled up newspaper against his thigh.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

You're holding them all in the same cell?

SERGEANT

It's all we had available sir. They're being transferred in approximately sixty minutes.

Guy pushes a cigarette between his lips.

SERGEANT

Sorry Sir, no smoking.

Guy stows the cigarette behind his ear.

SERGEANT

There's one more thing. We haven't been able to locate the stolen money. We searched their vehicle, the surrounding area, the bank.

Guy pauses, gives it some thought.

GUY

And they were apprehended as they were exiting the bank?

SERGEANT

Yessir.

GUY

I'll get the truth from 'em, one way or another.

4 EXT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

4

Five anxious pairs of eyes follow Guy's movements as he appears through the bars of the cell. Faulkner is happy to hang back.

Guy stops at the door, disdain in his expression.

GUY

Gonna be hard to plead innocent to charges of armed robbery when you're apprehended leaving a city bank, wearing masks and carrying automatic weapons, just so you know.

IAN

Come to take your boy home?

(CONTINUED)

GUY
(lights the cigarette)
Not sure I follow?

Faulkner watches the lit cigarette silently.

IAN
We're having a tough time trying
to decide which one of us in here
is your snitch. If you could just
point him out to us, we'd really
appreciate it.

Guy blows a lungful of smoke in Ian's face.

GUY
You fellas have just under an
hour until you'll be taken on
your merry way to Newgate, where
you'll await trial.

MAX
Fuck you.

GUY
No thanks. But I will be asking
for a few moments of your time to
kindly ask WHAT YOU DID WITH THE
FUCKING MONEY YOU STOLE.

SIMMONS
That disinfectant...

EDWARDS
Bleach.

SIMMONS
...doesn't quite hide the stink
of pig, does it Detective?

Guy's attention falls on Max.

GUY
You. You're up first.

Max looks to his fellow prisoners, nervous.

5 INT. POLICE PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

5

Guy sits, at ease. Max paces, ready to either climb the
walls or have a heart attack.

MAX
Why the fuck did you bring me in
here, Guy? They're ready to beat
to death anyone they suspect of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAX (cont'd)
being a cop, and you single me
out for a fucking catch up?

GUY
Calm down.

MAX
They're gonna kill me. Unless you
can get me out of this shit, I've
got to go back in there.

GUY
And I'll be bringing them in here
too. They're all getting
interrogated. They'll all be
getting the same treatment.

MAX
You gotta get me out of here,
Guy.

GUY
The investigation is still
ongoing.

MAX
ONGOING?

GUY
You got a name? The location of
the money?

MAX
This wasn't supposed to happen.
Where the fuck were you?

GUY
Get it together. Remember what I
said, don't ever break cover.
Never. Even if you're arrested
and slung in the cells, don't
break cover. And you're right,
they will kill you. But only if
you crack. So put yourself
together and tell me how
everything went so shit shaped.

FADE TO BLACK:

INSERT: NINE MONTHS EARLIER.

FADE IN:

6 INT/EXT. DARK CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT 6

A dark, sporty car speeds through rain-slicked city streets.

Behind the wheel, TOBIN (21) grips the wheel anxiously and wipes sweat from his brow.

His attention is frequently stolen by the rear view mirror and the empty road framed within.

He looks to... the road ahead... the road behind....

The car slams into a lamppost and Tobin is thrown through the windshield and his body breaks on the sidewalk.

Blood and rain water flow into the gutter.

7 EXT. ROOF TOP, NEAR CRASH SITE - MORNING 7

Guy watches from across the street. CRIME SCENE OFFICERS zip Tobin's smashed remains into a body bag.

GUY

Fuck.

8 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY 8

TWO PARAMEDICS wheel the corpse on a gurney to a waiting ambulance.

Guy intercepts the paramedics and stops them with a flash of his wallet and badge.

GUY

(lighting a smoke)

Got any latex on ya?

A paramedic offers Guy a pair of latex gloves. He pulls them on, unzips the body bag, and searches Tobin's pockets.

He comes up empty.

GUY

Fuck.

PARAMEDIC

Detective?

GUY

Go ahead, get him out of here.

Tobin is loaded onto the ambulance and the doors slam shut. Guy heads for the crash site, ducking under the crime scene tape that cordons off the area.

(CONTINUED)

He moves with ease among the SCENE OF CRIME OFFICERS taking measurements and snapping pictures.

Guy searches around the car, among the broken glass and splatters of blood.

He finds a PHONE and pockets it, unseen, still wearing the latex glove.

CRESSEY (O.C)

What are you doing at my crime scene?

Guy turns to meet DETECTIVE CRESSEY (31). Slick hair. Expensive suit. Polished shoes.

GUY

Might be your crime scene, but it's my suspect.

CRESSEY

How'd you figure?

GUY

Run that sorry slab of roadkill through the system and you'll find a list of prior's as long as your dry-cleaning bill.

(winks)

Nice suit.

(beat)

He's been on my radar for some time. Narcotics, solicitation, grand theft auto. But the real juicy stuff is his suspected involvement in a series of armed robberies. Organised stuff.

ONLOOKERS have gathered at the scene. A handful of uniformed CONTSABLES struggle to keep them at bay.

GUY

I was hoping to get my hands on a key piece of evidence, but it looks like your people have it under control.

AT THE CORDON...

A YOUNG PUNK pushes through the crowd, hoping for a great shot with his phone, when Max, in uniform, twists the Punk's arm.

The phone hits the tarmac. Max makes a point of cracking it under his heavy shoe before strong-arming the punk back behind the line.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Get the fuck back, dickhead.

Cressey is almost immediately on Max.

CRESSEY

Watch it.

MAX

They guy had -

CRESSEY

I don't want to hear it. Now -

MAX

I don't appreciate being interrupted, Gov.

CRESSEY

...Coen, isn't it? This isn't the first time you've stepped out of line, son.

MAX

Son?

CRESSEY

Go and assist the door to doors on the south side for witnesses.

MAX

Son?

CRESSEY

There a problem with that?

MAX

(fights an urge)
...Sorry sir. I meant no disrespect.

CRESSEY

You know your north from your south, don't ya?

Max chews his lip and gets moving.

With Max gone, Cressey looks back to the crash site, searches for Guy, but he's gone.

9

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

9

Max approaches the glass doors of a pristine lobby. He's about to enter...

Guy steps in front of the door, blocking Max's entrance. He tosses his cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

GUY
I wanna talk to you.

Max hesitates.

GUY
It's ok. I'm police. CID. Name's
Guy, Guy Sabo.

MAX
Says who?

GUY
(shows his badge)
Says this.

MAX
Shit, sorry sir I -

GUY
It's ok. I'm not concerned with
the lovers tiff between you and
the suit back there. And you can
forget about all this door to
door bullshit too.

MAX
But my order-

GUY
Walk with me.

Guy is already on the move, Max catching up.

10 EXT. ALLEY WAY - CONTINUOUS

10

Guy leads them down an alley, between skyscrapers.

GUY
You ever hear of SO10?

MAX
SO10? No sir.

GUY
Special operations. The
undercover unit of the met. Most
cops have never heard of it, and
even fewer have a clue what it
does.

MAX
Undercover?

(CONTINUED)

GUY

What's your name constable?

MAX

Ryan Coen.

GUY

That poor fucker in the body bag, he wasn't a criminal. He was a cop. Working for me.

(beat)

Let me ask you something, when you were a kid, did you play cops and robbers?

MAX

Yeah.

GUY

What was more fun; playing the cop? Or the robber?

A smile threatens to curl Max's lip.

11 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

11

Max and Guy each nurse a drink. There's some distance between themselves and other drinkers.

GUY

There's this bank robber. We call him the Monopoly Man.

MAX

The Monopoly Man? Never heard of him.

GUY

You wouldn't have. He's a source of major fucking embarrassment to the force, so only those who need to know are in the know. Every job him and his gang pull is different, so it's near impossible to know when, where, and how he's gonna hit next. He started out solo, but since then he's taken on hired help. They've become quite a sought after bunch. But we really wanna nail the head honcho, this fucking Monopoly Man. It's so fucking hard to catch the bastard because he never does the same thing twice. He changes his style, his M.O. Even his own appearance.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

So how'd you know it's the same
guy?

GUY

He fucking tells us. He likes to
play games, leave clues. Toys
with the boys in blue.

(beat)

You'll know that most criminals
barely have an IQ above room
temperature, but this guy, this
guy's different. The last job him
and his gang pulled...

FLASHBACK:

12 INT/EXT. WHITE PANEL VAN (MOVING) - DAY 12

A van speeds along a dirt road, leaving the city in the
distance.

It swings around a sharp bend.

Inside the van, four MASKED MEN stow their weapons and
unzip sports bags full of cash.

GUY (VO)

It was a day job. A hold-up. City
bank, 100k in cash.

BACK TO:

13 EXT. BAR - NIGHT 13

MAX

So how'd he pull it off?

Guy leans in for emphasis, taking a little pleasure in the
theatrics...

GUY

His gang waited for the actual
crew to do the job, then ripped
them off.

FLASHBACK:

14 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY 14

The panel van is cut-off when a CAR shoots out of a side
road and blocks its path.

15

INT/EXT. WHITE PANEL VAN (MOVING) - DAY

15

Behind the wheel of the van, a panicked thief whips off his balaclava and shifts gears into reverse.

Two MASKED MEN spring from the car, aiming handguns at the van.

The van's exit is obstructed when a SECOND CAR speeds right up behind it.

The thieves inside the van are thrown around.

A THIRD and FORTH armed and masked men exit the second car, taking aim at the van.

GUY (VO)

Seems obvious when you think
about it; why rob a bank when you
can just get someone else to do
it for you?

The MONOPOLY GANG surround the van, disable it by firing holes into the tyres.

A GANG MEMBER shoots out a window and a second launches a SMOKE GRENADE in through the hole.

The THIEVES stumble from the van, choking and fighting for air.

The MONOPOLY GANG beat and subdue the FOUR THIEVES, and tie their wrists with zip ties, leaving them hogtied in the road.

The FOUR MONOPOLY GANG MEMBERS then load the bags of money into their won second car.

GUY (VO)

Let them take the risk. Fuck it,
right?

One of the masked gang firebombs the first car, they all pile into the second car, and its tyres throw up dirt as it makes a lightning fast getaway.

GUY (VO)

The Monopoly Man and his crew got
the money, while the saps that
pulled the job got fucked.

16 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY 16

ARMED POLICE AND SWAT TEAMS surround and apprehend the bound gang.

COPS search the white panel van...

GUY (VO)

A very non-anonymous phone call from the Monopoly Man told our boys where to find 'em.

The POLICE find two large, black sports bags. They open them, only to find they are loaded with colourful, assorted bank notes; MONOPOLY MONEY.

BACK TO:

17 EXT. BAR - NIGHT 17

MAX

So where do I come into all of this?

GUY

The Monopoly Crew is by invitation only. Your predecessor, the organ donor from this morning, got himself such an invitation under the pseudonym Max Caul. Months and months under cover, earning the trust of certain individuals in an underworld where trust is a rare commodity. A meeting was eventually set up between the Monopoly Crew and Max.

(beat)

I want you to take his place. I want you to become Max Caul. Attend the meeting, infiltrate the crew.

MAX

Fuck that. I ain't too warm and cosy with the prospect of getting done in by a bunch of thugs.

Max downs his drink, slams the glass down, and walks away.

Guy catches him up...

GUY

Wait.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Fuck you for even asking me. The guy you want me to fill in for is dead.

Max gets in his face. Wraps his fist around Guy's collar.

MAX

How do you know his cover wasn't blown? How do you know he wasn't killed by the same people you sent him to target? Right now they could be watching you, and because of that, watching me.

GUY

(smiling)

This is exactly why we want you.

Max relaxes his grip, lets Guy go.

MAX

Because I'm not stupid?

GUY

Because you've got an edge to ya. An aggressive streak. I reckon you can turn nasty when you need to.

FLASHBACK:

18 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

18

Max and GRACE (21) kiss, tenderly at first, but turning increasingly passionate with every touch of the lips.

He slides a silk scarf from around her neck.

BACK TO:

19 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

19

Max is quiet. Still. Contemplative. Haunted.

The two men lock stares.

GUY

What happened to Tobin was an unfortunate fucking accident. That's right, his name was Tobin. And believe it or not, I gave a shit. The guy had a coke habit and was most likely off his tits when he wrapped his car around a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GUY (cont'd)

lamppost. The same vices that made him a likely candidate for our operation also made him a liability. He never met anyone from the Monopoly crew face to face. He built himself a reputation through hushed whispers and word of mouth. So call it an accident or divine intervention, but he's gone and you're not.

(beat)

Call yourself Max Caul and become a scumbag and you're in.

MAX

I know who I am. And now you're saying you want me to forget all that so I can hook up with a gang of cutthroats and scoundrels.

GUY

Cutthroats and scoundrels? They're bank robbers, not fucking pirates.

MAX

I know what my job is. I'm a cop, it's black and white, right and wrong. Us on one team, them on the other.

GUY

And why'd you join the force? Because the same human scum that we all read about with our morning coffee but everyone else has forgot about by the time they have their afternoon shit sticks in your head and makes your blood boil.

Max is silent, brooding.

GUY

Ok. The truth. I need you. SOCO's have nothing on this guy or his crew. No hair, no fibres, prints, DNA. Nothing. I need an inside man.

(beat)

So are you Ryan Coen? Or are you Max Caul?

(CONTINUED)

MAX
...What's next?

GUY
Training.

Guys lights a smoke, blows a cloud of grey. He retreats.

GUY
Hey, what's the number one cause
of crime in the country?

MAX
...?

GUY
Criminals.

Max shakes his head, laughing.

20 EXT. MULTI-STOREY PARKING LOT - NIGHT 20

Dim lights. An amber glow. Shadows and sharp angles.

Leighton stands in a darkened corner on the third floor.
He carries two large bags.

FROM ACROSS THE STREET...

21 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 21

Simmons and Ian watch from the roof of a building across
the street.

Simmons has his eye pressed to the scope mounted on top of
a sniper rifle.

IAN
I don't like this.

SIMMONS
Those guns are hot now. They need
to be fenced.

A few cars, dotted here and there, parked in the bays.

On the third floor, a hundred metres or so from Leighton,
a pair of headlights turn on, shine brightly.

IAN
You say you know this guy?

SIMMONS
I know of him.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

But can we trust him?

SIMMONS

I said I'd heard of him, I didn't
say I was fucking him.

22 INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

22

Leighton steadies his nerves as the car slowly makes its way towards him.

The car stops beside him, lights shining towards Ian and Simmons.

23 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

23

The light glares down the scope. Simmons pulls away, blinking.

SIMMONS

Shit.

Simmons cradles the rifle and runs a few paces, at a crouch, until the light is no longer pointing their way. Ian follows.

They watch the driver's door open and a MAN step out...

24 INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

24

Leighton sizes up the short, squat man adorned with gold jewelery and painted in fake tan.

LEIGHTON

Forgive me if I don't shake
hands.

FENCE

You're forgiven. You alone?

LEIGHTON

Tragically so. You?

FENCE

Just me, as promised.
(points to the bags)
That what I asked for?

LEIGHTON

150 for the revolvers, 700 for
the semis, and 1500 for the
rifles. Enough for your own wild
west show.

(CONTINUED)

FENCE

Let me see.

LEIGHTON

Money first.

The Fence moves to the back of the car.

Leighton reaches up and scratches his brow.

25 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 25

SIMMONS

That's the signal.

IAN

Money-money-money.

26 INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 26

Leighton follows the Fence to the rear of the car.

FENCE

See, I was thinking, maybe I
could buy now, pay later.

LEIGHTON

Pay later? Does this look like a
fucking furniture shop?

FENCE

You tell me, what does this look
like?

The Fence opens the trunk. It swings up, creating a
shield.

27 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 27

Simmons' and Ian's view is obscured by the trunk lid.

SIMMONS

I've lost visual. Go.

Ian sets off running. He storms into the stairwell and
takes two steps at a time, towards the bottom.

28 INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 28

An ARMED MAN lies in the trunk of the car with the rear
seats folded down. He has a gun pointed at Leighton's
face.

(CONTINUED)

FENCE

That clever little switch-e-roo
you pulled... let's just say, you
ripped off my second cousin.

LEIGHTON

Can't step on a dog shit 'round
here without it being somebody's
fucking cousin.

FENCE

You're lucky I wasn't all that
fond of him. But still, blood is
blood. Give me those bags.

Leighton reluctantly tosses the bags at the feet of the
Fence.

29 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 29

Ian darts down the stairs as fast as his legs will allow.

30 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 30

Simmons lets out a long, shaking breath and takes his eyes
from the scope.

31 INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 31

Leighton looks past the gun aimed at his face. He can only
watch as the Fence loads the guns into the car and drives
away.

The Armed Man keeps a laser focus on Leighton.

As the car takes a ramp down to the lower floor, Leighton
runs for stairs.

Leighton and the car almost match each others pace as they
descend.

The car tyres screech as the vehicle exits the parking lot
and hits the street.

Leighton and Ian emerge from their respective stairwells
simultaneously, Ian pulling a GLOCK from his waistband as
he and Leighton sight each other.

The pair watch the brake lights recede into the distance.

32 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 32

Simmons packs away the rifle. He sees that his hand shakes with tiny tremors before stuffing a stick of gum in his mouth.

33 INT. GUY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY 33

Guy drives. Max is subjected to Guy's casual approach to traffic laws and road safety.

Guy takes a drag on a cigarette before offering it to Max.

GUY

You smoke? Fuck you, you do now.
The Max Caul before you was a
smoker, that makes you a smoker.

Max tries it on for size, coughs a little.

Guy takes the phone from his pocket. It is still sticky with blood. He gives the phone to Max.

GUY

Take that.

MAX

Is that blood?!

GUY

Dead or alive, Tobin is still undercover. We have to ensure the operation still goes ahead. Every SO10 officer gets a new identity; new phone, credit cards, all fake names and fake addresses. That phone is, right now, your only link to the Monopoly crew. It's got details of the meet on it.

MAX

This is insane. I'm only eleven months out of training. You and I both know I got two years of probation before I can even put in for CID, and now you're asking me to go undercover.

GUY

None of that matters. SO10 ain't about track records, towing the line, or sucking dick to climb the ladder. Special skills is all we care about.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Special skills? I can't even
balance my fucking bank account.

GUY

The art of deception. Convincing
people you're something you're
not.

(beat)

Listen, I'm not good, I'm the
best. And that mean streak of
yours, that's our starting point.

FLASHBACK:

34 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 34

Max breaks away from the kiss, leaving Grace wounded.

He slams his fist into the wall, storms towards her,
winding back his fist...

The silk scarf drifts to the floor.

BACK TO:

35 INT. GUY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY 35

MAX

I try to keep that in check.

GUY

Don't. Let it out. The best lies
come from seeds of truth. We'll
start with your God-given anger
and end up with a version of you
that's 49 percent fuckface and 51
percent asshole. My job is to
wind you up and then let you
loose.

Guy slams on the brakes and punches the horn, admonishing
some poor driver for a perceived slight.

36 EXT. PIER - DAY 36

Max and Guy sit by the water, waves lapping gently at the
shore. Guy hands Max a brown envelope.

Inside, Max finds a series of images, evidently taken from
CCTV footage.

Each image depicts the interior of a city bank, mid
robbery.

(CONTINUED)

In the first, a suited man hides his identity behind a balaclava...

The second, a novelty mask...

The next, theatrical make-up...

GUY

October 17th, a Natwest in Wandsworth. November 29th, another Natwest, this time in Lambeth. December 21st, Llyods TSB in Ealing, January 17th, HSBC in Brentcross.

37 INT. PUB - DAY

37

Max hold his cue, impotent, as Guy effortlessly pots every ball on the table.

GUY

You're Max Caul, 25. Single child. Mum was a receptionist, fuck knows who dad was. Convicted of your first offense at 14 and sent to a young offenders. Of course you were a right little shit long before then, lifting car radios from the age of ten.

38 EXT. PIER - DAY

38

Max keeps flicking through the blown up CCTV images. They just keep coming...

The Monopoly Man, masked, points his gun at a CLERK....

In the next image, two ARMED MEN, masked, hold up a building society...

Three men...

Four men...

GUY

February and the fucker's back in Wandsworth hitting a Barclay's. March 12th, Lewisham. April 6th, Croydon. May 9th, Clapham Junction.

39 INT. PUB - DAY

39

Max continues to lose at pool.

GUY

You made a return journey to Borstal when you were 15 for theft and battery. You made quite an impression on the inside, making as many enemies as you did friends, but it was those friends who gave you work when you released; boosting cars, driving getaway, breaking a few kneecaps. Little odd jobs.

40 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

40

Max and Guy walk the busy streets, now populated by night owls, pushers, creeps, junkies, sex-workers, and all manner of opportunists.

GUY

People take things at face value. You see an unshaven man, wearing shit-stained pants, huddled in a doorway, stinking of piss, you'll believe he's homeless. See a young lady wearing cheap heels and fishnet stockings, chances are she's a pro. But appearances aren't enough. A cock up the ass don't make you a queer any more than a badge makes you a copper. It's what's going on in here...
(puts a hand to Max's chest)
That makes a difference. And you're gonna need a heart of stone in a cold tin chest.

41 INT. GUY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

41

Guy drives. He and Max smoke.

GUY

You're the honey trap. We wanna know what he's planning; where, when, and who with. But we got to catch him in the act. We have to pin something solid on this fucker. But most of all, we want to know who he is. Consider it a personal vendetta.

42 EXT. SPORTS FIELD - DAY

42

Max and Guy watch a football match through a fence.

GUY

Believe your own bullshit, it's essential. It's all about body language, it's all about attitude. You want them to believe you're one of them? Become them. Don't just talk like 'em, don't just dress like 'em, be them. Go method. Go full Robert DeNiro.

MAX

I was always more partial to Al Pacino.

GUY

Either way, you better be convincing. Otherwise they'll kill ya. If they're bad, be worse.

43 INT. GUY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

43

Guy is behind the wheel.

MAX

What about bugs? Wires?

GUY

Sure, and on the next case you'll get x-ray specs and a jet pack.

Guy angrily tosses his smoke out the window.

GUY

You'll be alone. Alone, alone. When the time comes you'll have back-up in abundance, but until then you're on your own. You'll be removed from any direct supervisory monitoring. No more visits to the station. This is it, until this is over. You ready?

Max nods.

Guy presses hard on the gas, accelerating rapidly and swerving hard to the right.

44

INT/EXT. GUY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

44

Max is thrown around in his seat.

MAX

What the fuck are you doing?
Asshole!

Guy speeds towards the end of the distant dock. Beyond that, canal water, black as oil.

GUY

You think you're ready? You're ready to put your life on the line?

MAX

Guy? Fuck, Guy!

GUY

'Cause this is how it feels to have your life in my hands. You wanna quit? Just say so.

The car is one second from plunging into the murky water.

MAX

FUCK-YOU-I-FUCKING-QUIT.

Guy slams on the brakes and the car skids to a halt, crashing into a row of dumpsters.

Max freezes. Shocked.

Guy is up and out of his seat in one move. As he rounds the back of the car he takes a baseball bat from the trunk and strikes the bins by Max's door for emphasis before swinging the door wide open.

Guy drags Max from the car.

GUY

You wanna quit, tell me you wanna quit.

MAX

I thought I was gonna die.

GUY

And?

MAX

And I don't fucking want to.

GUY

From here on out, that cold dark canal is gonna seem like a safe

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GUY (cont'd)
space. If you can't keep it
together when death is breathing
down your neck, then walk away.
Quit.

Guy lets Max see the bat.

GUY
So tell me again. You quit?

MAX

...

GUY
Now tell me you're a cop.

Guy gets in his face, turns the screw...

MAX

No.

GUY
You a pig?

He smashes the bat against the bins...

MAX

No.

GUY
A snitch?

SWINGS. SMASH.

MAX

No.

GUY
A mole?

MAX
No, no, no, no.

GUY
You sure fucking act like police,
you stuck up faggot. You filth?

Spittle flies from Guy's lips.

MAX
GO FUCK YOURSELF.

Max retaliates, winds back, and is about to break Guy's
nose.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

There it is. There we go. The next time anyone even attempts to intimate that you're on the force, you be ready to castrate the bastard. You tell 'em to go fuck 'emselves.

Brooding quiet.

Subtle sounds of movement.

A TRANSIENT MAN stumbles out from behind a stack of old fishing equipment.

Max dismisses the man. Guy, however, studies the man and sees an opportunity.

He offers Max the baseball bat.

GUY

Prove it.

MAX

What?

GUY

Prove you're not a cop.

MAX

...

GUY

Take the bat and break his arms.

MAX

...

GUY

(loses the serious tone)
Christ, we're not fucking monsters.

(beat)

But today you considered it, when you never would yesterday. And that's the difference. That's all the difference in the world.

Guy circles the car and puts one foot back inside the car. He tosses the bat to Max.

MAX

Take that anyway. You might need it.

Max turns the bat over in his hands. Carved into the wood are the words: "THE PERSUADER".

Max climbs into the passenger seat and the car turns around, heads back towards the lights of the city.

45 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

45

Max sits in a bare apartment. The place is dark, sparsely furnished.

A mattress on the floor. A TV, also on the floor. A kettle and a microwave are plugged into a snaking extension cable.

He watches the phone. Most of the blood has been wiped away, but the ghost of a stain remains, spread thinly across the screen, the colour of rust.

The phone lights up. Vibrates. The caller ID is simply a crude, pixelated image of the Monopoly Man (top hat, elaborate mustache)

Max checks the phone... a message... "Tonight. 15 mins. The Black Horse. Come alone".

He takes a deep breath and pockets the phone. From beneath the mattress he takes a small folding knife.

46 INT. BLACK HORSE PUB - NIGHT

46

Max steps inside the pub. Busy enough, not full. People populate the bar, tables, and booths.

Nobody turns to meet his gaze, catch his eye. Nobody stands to shake his hand or make their approach.

Max takes a seat towards the end of the bar and orders a drink.

Edwards takes the seat to his left and stares into the mirror behind the bar, boring a hole into Max.

The BARMAN approaches, taking orders.

As Max turns his head towards Edwards, he feels a hand on his back.

Simmons embraces Max in a hug and lets his hand linger on his back, feeling, patting him down.

SIMMONS

It's so good to see you again.

Simmons plays the part of the enthusiastic long-lost friend. Max keeps his voice low and even. Dispassionate.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

We know each other?

The Barman heads to the other end of the bar and Simmons drops the act.

SIMMONS

We're about to find out.

His hand again finds its way to Max's back... his inner thigh.

MAX

Looking for something?

SIMMONS

I take no pleasure in it.

MAX

You won't mind if do the same?

SIMMONS

Or we could all go on trust?

MAX

Give me a reason to trust you.
You the one that called me here?

EDWARDS

No.

MAX

Sorry, I never caught your name.

The Barman makes a return...

Simmons slips back into character...

SIMMONS

How long's it been since we all
last saw each other?

MAX

Must be a long time. I feel like
I barely know you. Either of you.

SIMMONS

So tell us, what have you been
doing with yourself, what you
been up to?

MAX

You know.

EDWARDS

Tell us.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Who should I be talking to here,
I mean, who's in charge? Bert or
Ernie?

Max looks back and forth, addressing Simmons and Edwards
in turn.

LEIGHTON (OC)

I'm starting to feel left out.

Max looks to the mirror. Leighton stands over his
shoulder. He throws a dart at dartboard.

SIMMONS

Tell us.

MAX

I've been looking for work. I'm
currently between jobs. But you
gotta be careful what you go for
these days, lots of crooks about.
Know anyone that could help me
out?

The Barman departs.

MAX

You couldn't have picked some
place a little more private?

EDWARDS

You want private? We can do
private.

Edwards and Simmons both rise from their stalls. Max is
sandwiched between them.

MAX

I haven't finished my drink yet.

EDWARDS

Better to keep a clear head.

SIMMONS

After you.

Max stands, steps past Simmons, only to be blocked by
Leighton.

LEIGHTON

But me first.

The four men file out of the pub; Leighton, Max, Simmons,
and Edwards.

47 EXT. PUB - NIGHT

47

Max finds himself marching towards the shadowy mouth of a dark alleyway, escorted by the three other men.

EDWARDS
Car's this way.

MAX
What?

SIMMONS
We're going to go for a little drive. Take in the sights.

MAX
What's to see?

LEIGHTON
It'll be an experience.

MAX
You gonna feel me up again, head a little further north?

EDWARDS
Get in the car.

LEIGHTON
Feet first or head first, sir?

SIMMONS
Look, whether you're a cop or you're legit, you're gonna want to hear what we have to say.

Max climbs in the car and finds himself sitting beside Ian, at the wheel.

48 INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

48

Simmons and Edwards each take a back seat.

IAN
Leighton?

LEIGHTON
Nah, I'm gonna look for that fucking Fence. Enjoy.

Leighton shuts Max's door and waves him a cute little goodbye.

49 INT/EXT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

49

Max takes in everything, a little frantic, but trying to hide it. He takes in every exchanged glance, gesture, mannerism, and turn of the wheel.

He watches the street signs as they pass, notices them pass the same street twice.

SIMMONS
Comfortable?

MAX
I'd prefer to walk.

SIMMONS
Dangerous out there.

MAX
And in here?

The car takes a left, a right. No logical sense to their path.

EDWARDS
We need a driver.

MAX
(gestures at Ian)
You've got Fuckface.

EDWARDS
Fuckface is busy. We need a driver.

MAX
What's in it for me?

SIMMONS
An equal share.

MAX
And what does that amount to?

Ian circles round the block.

EDWARDS
Enough.

MAX
If I wanted a riddle I'd have stayed at home and done a fucking crossword.
(beat)
I'm a driver. I get things done. It's what I do and I'm good at what I do. So if that's not enough for the man in charge...

(CONTINUED)

(lets it hang, looks to each man)
stop the car and I'll say goodnight. But if it is good enough, extend a little professional courtesy my way.

SIMMONS
Nice speech. You practice that one?

EDWARDS
How do I know you're not a cop?

Max thinks on it... ELBOWS Ian in the jaw, splitting his lip.

Ian skids the car to a halt and turns on Max, but Max already has the knife from inside his sock and pressed against Iain's throat.

MAX
(to Simmons)
Should have felt a little lower.

SIMMONS
Couldn't help myself.

MAX
Drive.

Ian takes a moment before he eases back down on the gas.

MAX
Left here.

SIMMONS
Interesting method of establishing trust, you got there, Son.

MAX
Stop here.

Ian pulls to the curb. Across the street is a liquor store, lights on inside.

50 INT. CAR - NIGHT

50

Max takes the edge of the blade from Ian's jugular.

MAX
Keep the engine running.

Ian, Simmons, and Edwards watch Max walk across the street and enter the liquor store.

(CONTINUED)

Simmons looks to Edwards, who simply massages the bridge of his nose.

An alarm sounds.

Max runs from the store and back towards the car. He opens the door and jumps in, banknotes spilling from inside his bulging jacket.

MAX

Would a cop do that?

51

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

51

The place is all but empty and abandoned.

Edwards, Simmons, Leighton, and Ian sit around a table. They are joined by WILL (21), movie star looks and GQ level of stylish.

LEIGHTON

The problem isn't finding a new fence. The problem is how to fuck the one that fucked us.

EDWARDS

Don't worry about it.

LEIGHTON

I don't worry. I make other people worry.

A knock at the door. Will opens up and Max steps inside.

WILL

I'm will, by the way.

The two shake hands.

MAX

Max.

WILL

Good to meet ya, Max.

Will and Max join the other men at the table.

SIMMONS

Max, this is everyone. Everyone, this is Max.

Simmons introduces everybody...

SIMMONS

Edwards, Leighton -
(hand to his chest)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SIMMONS (cont'd)
- Simmons, Will. Ian, you're
already acquainted with.

Ian regards Max with a bruised jaw and thin cut on his
neck.

LEIGHTON
Well?

SIMMONS
It's not gonna be easy.

LEIGHTON
We're thieves aren't we?

MAX
What have I missed?

SIMMONS
A recent transaction didn't go to
plan.

LEIGHTON
Someone we thought we could trust
walked off with our weapons and
our money.

MAX
And he took without saying
please?

LEIGHTON
Stuck a fucking gun in my face.

MAX
No honour among thieves. So,
what's the plan?

LEIGHTON
No plan yet, just bad intentions.

WILL
It goes without saying, we want
what's ours. Plus a little
payback. The problem is, getting
it.

SIMMONS
We know where to find him, but
his place is heavily reinforced.
One entrance, one exit, armed
security, CCTV, perimeter fence.

MAX
I can help you get in.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARDS

Speak up.

IAN

Don't listen to this asshole. My bullshit antenna are starting to quiver.

MAX

You like hospital food, Ian?

SIMMONS

What do you have in mind, Max?

MAX

Go in through the front door.

WILL

How?

MAX

Get him to open it for us.

52 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EARLY MORNING 52

A POSTAL VAN pulls to a stop by a mailbox and the POSTAL WORKER climbs out, ready to load his sack.

Leighton clubs the postal worker over the head, knocking him unconscious.

Max gets behind the wheel of the postal van.

Leighton throws the limp postal worker in the rear of the van and Max speeds away.

53 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY 53

The postal van screeches to a stop. Back doors fly open. The postal worker, stripped to his underwear, is forcefully exited.

The van accelerates away, throwing up dirt.

54 EXT. COMPOUND, INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY 54

THE FENCE'S COMPOUND resembles a warehouse and surrounding scrapyard; a solid perimeter fence, topped with barbed wire, surrounds a large, squat, one-story building.

The POSTAL VAN pulls to the entrance gate, in full view of a CCTV camera.

A disembodied voice comes through on the intercom.

(CONTINUED)

FENCE (OVER INTERCOM)

Yeah?

Max, in postal worker's uniform, answers through the window.

MAX

Delivery.

FENCE (OVER INTERCOM)

Leave it.

MAX

I need a signature.

FENCE (OVER INTERCOM)

Who's it from?

MAX

Can't pronounce it. Funny sounding name. Looks like South America.

A long, quiet pause.

55 INT. POSTAL VAN - DAY

55

Behind Max, sitting silent, Ian, Will, and Leighton.

A *buzz*, a *click*, and the gate begins to slide open. Max drives slowly inside the compound.

56 EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

56

Max leaves the engine running. Climbs out the van. He heads for a steel slab of a door.

While he's still a few feet away, a hatch in the door slides open.

FENCE (O.C)

Stop right there.

MAX

You haven't got a dog, have ya?

FENCE (O.C)

Put the package on the ground and take two steps back.

Max does as instructed.

The door opens. The ARMED MAN steps into the yard.

Max notes the flash of a holster and the butt of a gun as the man's jacket is caught in a breeze.

(CONTINUED)

The rear doors of the postal van burst open. Leighton, Ian, and Will file out.

The Armed Man reaches for his weapon, but Leighton is quicker. He breaks the Armed Man's nose and arm and takes his weapon.

Will kicks the downed man in the testicles.

Ian runs for the compound's door but it quickly slams shut.

Before the hatch also slams shut Ian tosses a smoke grenade inside.

The gate begins to close when a BLACK VAN speeds past the perimeter and intentionally stops on the boundary line, half in and half out the compound.

The van prevents the gate from closing.

57 INT. BLACK VAN - DAY 57

Behind the wheel, Edwards. In the passenger seat, Simmons.

EDWARDS

Go.

Simmons runs from the van.

58 EXT. COMPOUND - DAY 58

Leighton enjoys himself, pinning the Armed Man to the ground with a foot to his head and the gun aimed at his face.

Max, Will, Ian, and Simmons circle around the building, closing ranks, breaking windows and throwing more smoke grenades inside.

The Armed Man appears confused and afraid when Leighton begins slowly emptying the gun, one round at a time.

ARMED MAN

What are you gonna do?

Leighton contemplates the bullets in his huge, leathery palm.

EDWARDS (O.C)

Leighton.

Leighton finds Edwards approaching, almost shoulder to shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

Edwards takes one of the bullets and gets to his haunches. He pushes it between the Armed Man's lips and it scrapes against his teeth.

EDWARDS

Eat it.

A single tear appears in the Armed Man's eye.

EDWARDS

Swallow.

Edwards forces the bullet further into the man's mouth, then holds his jaw and nostrils shut.

The Armed Man writhes and convulses before swallowing. Edwards grants the man a much-needed breath.

Edwards selects another bullet from Leighton's cupped hand.

EDWARDS

Eat.

59 EXT. COMPOUND, ELSEWHERE - DAY

59

Simmons, Will, Ian, and Max convene at the rear of the building, having circled it.

WILL

Anything?

Ian shakes his head.

WILL

So what now?

SIMMONS

They usually run out by this time.

Max quickly takes off his shirt, dips it in a drum full of water underneath a drain pipe, and wraps it around his nose and mouth.

He dives through the nearest shattered window.

60 INT. COMPOUND - DAY

60

Max blinks and winces, fighting to see through a shifting haze of grey.

He barely makes out shadows and silhouettes, opaque shapes and vague hints of a moving presence.

(CONTINUED)

Max coughs, spits, and sputters. He navigates his way through a labyrinth of floor to ceiling shelving.

The place is stocked with assorted items, from the everyday to the absurd.

Out of the fog, the Fence charges Max, wearing a gas mask and wielding a machete.

Max ducks in time to escape the swing of the machete and grabs the nearest thing to hand. He finds himself deflecting blows with a coffee pot...until it shatters.

Max reaches for the nearest shelf and winds up brandishing a WW2 Nazi Officers Helmet.

Max trips the Fence and slams his head into a pinball machine, which lights up and plays a tune.

The two get separated and Max, one again, finds himself lost in the fog and choking.

As he claws his way through the network of long aisles and smoke, he scans the surrounding items for a weapon. Max selects a T SHIRT CANNON.

He then buries his hand in a jewelery box of stones, gems, broaches, rings, and cuff links.

Max loads the T-shirt cannon with the jewels.

The Fence runs at Max, machete raised overhead.

Max fires the cannon at the Fence and his face and body are peppered with dozens of fragments of stones and shrapnel. He drops the machete.

The Fence tries escaping, running to the far end of the warehouse.

Max runs for the opposite end and uses all his strength to topple the floor-to-ceiling shelving unit.

The shelves topple like dominoes until the final one pins the Fence to the ground.

Max makes his approach and rips the gas mask from the Fence's face and wears it on his own.

After a few laboured breaths, The Fence falls unconscious.

61 EXT. COMPOUND - DAY 61

Ian, Edwards, Simmons, Will, Leighton, and the roughed-up Armed Man stand outside the compound.

Grey smoke billows from every broken window.

Max emerges through the haze, carrying a bag of cash in one hand, and a bag of assorted firearms in the other. He wears the gas mask.

Each crew member nods or smirks as a show of admiration.

WILL

What took you so long?

62 EXT. WASTE PROCESSING PLANT - DAY 62

TWO REFUSE WORKERS smoke at the rear of their garbage truck as its hydraulic lift upends its contents.

Tons of rubbish and waste spill onto a pile. Among the falling wave of garbage...two human forms.

FENCE

Ahhhh, fuuuuuuck.

ARMED MAN

Shiiiiit, heeeeelllllpppp.

The REFUSE WORKERS are, at first, startled into stunned submission.

They hit STOP button on the hydraulics and wade into the knee-deep garbage until they come across the Fence and the Armed Man.

Both men have their hands and feet duct taped.

63 INT. PUB - NIGHT 63

The crew sit at around a table, topped with empties and drinks.

Ian, Will, Leighton, Simmons, Edwards, and Max break out into rounds of laughter.

EDWARDS

That guy's gonna need a bullet proof vest next time he takes a shit.

laughter.

QUICK CUT:

(CONTINUED)

LEIGHTON

I'm tellin' ya, you can pick a set of handcuffs with a beer car.

WILL

Bullshit.

LEIGHTON

You callin' me a liar?

WILL

I'm saying you could probably bite through 'em, you fucking Goblin.

LEIGHTON

Suit yourself, I won't show you how. But next time you get busted you'll be sorry you weren't more polite to ol' Leighton.

SIMMONS

Shut up and tell us.

LEIGHTON

First you crush the can with your foot.

Leighton empties his drink down his gullet and stomps the can flat.

Max watches closely...

QUICK CUT:

More drinks, more laughs.

MAX

I learned the trade from my old man. Take a wire, dangle it over the latch, pop. Brand new car.

QUICK CUT:

WILL

Never trust a woman that doesn't come with a price list.

LEIGHTON

You should have more respect for women.

WILL

Hey, I always pull out.

QUICK CUT:

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Fucking electric cars. Fucking hybrids. These days they don't even make anything nice enough for me to want to steal it.

QUICK CUT:

IAN

Buy yourself a bundle of counterfeit 50s at a fiver each....

QUICK CUT:

MAX

How about you Simmons, you a nepo crime baby?

SIMMONS

Not me. I was strictly legit until I wasn't. I worked in finance, laundering money the legal way, then I found out the illegal way was more fun.

QUICK CUT:

IAN

Spend 15 of that funny money in a shop...

QUICK CUT:

WILL

Couldn't get me a Ford Capri, could ya? A red one.

Max watches Will take a toothpick from his mouth and dispose of it in an ashtray.

QUICK CUT:

IAN

Any less than that and they get suspicious. Any more than that and it ain't worth the trouble. You get 35 back in real money.

SIMMONS

Make much from that, Ian?

IAN

I make enough.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARDS

Good. It's your round.

IAN

You fuckers.

Max watches Edwards stand and head to the bathroom, before discretely excusing himself and following.

64 INT. PUB, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

64

Max enters the bathroom. He finds three stalls, all locked, and one other man at the urinals.

He hears violent retching and coughing... he scrutinises the three locked doors when one of them opens.

The MAN steps out, delivers Max a questioning look, and bypasses him, exiting.

Two locked doors remain.

Another bout of coughing and retching.

MAX

...Edwards, that you?

Nothing.

Max slowly descends into a crouch, the bottom of the doors just coming into view when the second door opens.

Max shoots to his feet and comes almost face to face with a DISGRUNTLED MAN.

DISGRUNTLED MAN

You fuckin' alright mate?

MAX

All good.

DISGRUNTLED MAN

'Cause the gay bar's on the other end of town.

Max nods and waits for the man to leave.

The coughing has stopped.

65 INT. PUB - CONTINUOUS

65

Max steps back into the pub. He quickly zeros in on the crew at the far end of the place.

He sees Simmons, Leighton, and Will.

(CONTINUED)

Max makes a quick summary of his surroundings, takes out his phone, and snaps a shot of the crew.

He appraises the photo. A little blurred. Simmons can only be seen from the back. He zooms in on Will and Leighton.

IAN (O.C)

Max?

Max finds Ian at his side.... thinks fast... shows him the back of his phone.

MAX

Mum called.

IAN

Drink?

MAX

Sure.

The two head to the busy bar. As they wait to be served...

MAX

Ian, look, about that whack in the face, I meant no harm.

IAN

Yeah, but I still got a whack in the face.

MAX

It's just what had to be done. How about I get these, and an extra one for yourself?

IAN

I'd rather have the money.

Max laughs, for Ian's sake.

MAX

For you, I'll make it a double.

(beat)

So, er, how long you been on the crew?

IAN

Few months.

MAX

You know any of the guys from before? Serve time together?

IAN

I got the job same as you.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

So who's jaw did you break?

IAN

Why all the questions?

MAX

Just being friendly.

IAN

So be real fucking friendly and get those drinks.

Max watches Ian return to the table, and as he turns, knocks the man beside him at the bar. The clatter of glass, splash of liquid.

The DISGRUNTLED MAN from the bathroom looks from his beer-soaked shoes to Max.

DISGRUNTLED MAN

You.

MAX

Sorry.

DISGRUNTLED MAN

Sorry? I don't want an apology, I want a drink.

Past the bar, Max sees Edwards step out of the bathroom. The two locks stares.

Behind Edwards, the rest of the crew watch from the table.

Max is aware that all eyes are on him.

MAX

(to Barman)

Pint of bitter please.

The Barman fills a glass and puts it down on the bar in front of the Disgruntled Man. As he reaches for it, Max grabs it instead, takes a swig.

Max swirls the drink around inside his mouth before spitting onto the man's shoes.

MAX

You wouldn't like it anyway.

(headbutts him)

Gives you a splitting headache.

A fist is launched at Max's face and the whole place soon erupts into a brawl.

The Disgruntled Man's acquaintances pile in on Max.

(CONTINUED)

The Monopoly Crew pile in on everyone.

Through the chaos, Max looks for the crew's table. He finds the CRUSHED CAN on the floor, sees the ash tray and the TOOTHPICK.

Max forces his way through the fighting crowd and toward the table.

He's elbowed, punched, kicked.

Max wrestles his aggressor into submission and vaults over another table towards his targets.

Max is tackled around his waist and slammed against a wall. He reaches overhead, grabs a framed picture of a rugby team, and breaks it over his attacker's head.

He then reaches for the TOOTHPICK - but the table is flipped over. The ash try smashes against the wall and its contents spill to the floor.

In place of the table, Max finds the CAN. It is kicked out of reach and slides across the floor, in the opposite direction to the toothpick.

Max takes a chair to the back and falls. He grabs the can, pockets it.

He staggers to his feet and jumps over tables and chairs and is forced to break a bottle over a man's head in order to access the toothpick.

As he pockets the toothpick and takes in the scene around him, he finds Edwards, standing on the sidelines. Stoic. Watching.

Chairs fly. Tables flip.

Max finds Will tugging at his collar and pleading with him to leave.

Edwards, Leighton, Ian, Simmons, Will, and Max make their way out of the pub. Some skirt around tables, others vault over them.

66

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

66

Max and Guy meet in the shadows. Guy takes in Max's black eye.

GUY

Looks like you've been having fun.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Hell of a time. My head got used as a beach ball.

GUY

What'd you expect? You got a role to play, and if that means hitting a few fists with your face, then be prepared to roll with the punches. Up the ante on your violence-o-meter.

MAX

How's life with your feet up? What did I miss on TV when they were driving me round in circles?

GUY

They're using anti-surveillance techniques?

(beat)

Any time things feel a bit uncomfortable, just remember John Howard Griffin.

MAX

Who the fuck is John Howard Griffin?

GUY

He wrote a book called 'Black Like Me'. 'Cept John Howard Griffin weren't black at all. But that didn't stop him from taking a can of shoe polish and darkening himself up to look like Sidney Poitier and hitchhiking his way across the deep south of the United States at a time when lynching was a national past time.

(beat)

If John Howard Griffin could survive to write that book, you can sit tight and crack this case. Don't forget, you've still got a job to do.

MAX

How could I forget?

Max pulls two baggies from his pocket. One contains the crushed can, the other holds the toothpick.

MAX

Run these for prints and DNA.

(CONTINUED)

Guy takes the bags, nods approvingly, regards them like a prospector finding oil on his land.

MAX

So, give me some names.

FLASH TO:

67 INT/EXT. CAR (SPEEDING) - NIGHT

67

A panicked MAN with a stocking on his head holds two large bricks of cocaine. He looks over his shoulder, out the rear view at a convoy of COP CARS.

Ian drives.

MAX (V.O)

Ian. Professional asshole.

MAN

WE NEED TO GET RID OF THE SHIT.

MAX (V.O)

Not much of a people person.

IAN

You're right.

Ian kicks the Man and the drugs out of the car.

The Man hits the tarmac, rolling, and the air explodes into a cloud of white around him.

Ian makes his getaway.

BACK TO:

68 EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

68

MAX

Then there's Leighton. The heavy. The kind of man that makes other men exit buildings through fourth story windows. Looks like an ogre. Acts like an ogre.

FLASH TO:

69 EXT. FIELD - DAY

69

Leighton is joined by a DRIVER, a GRAVEDIGGER, and a third man. The third man is on his knees with a pillow over his head and hands tied at his back.

Leighton shoots the man and he falls into the grave.

(CONTINUED)

MAX (V.O)

Lives by his own code of ethics.

Leighton then shoots the gravedigger, and he joins the first victim.

MAX (V.O)

Prides himself on his morals.

Leighton walks to the car and the waiting driver and shoots him too before getting in the car.

BACK TO:

70 EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

70

MAX

He boasts about being the man who invented the cheese-grater manicure.

FLASH TO:

71 EXT. RAILWAY LINE - DAY

71

An abandoned railway yard. Rusted cranes and boxcars.

A MAN sits, tied to a chair, his arms held wide by a metal bar. A partial crucifixion.

Leighton grates the mans fingertips enthusiastically with a large cheese-grater.

BACK TO:

72 EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

72

MAX

Will is the 21st Century's answer to Billy the Kid. At least, that's the way he likes to tell it. Good with a gun. Cocky. Confident. Popular with the ladies and barely out of the womb.

FLASH TO:

73 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

73

Will, leather jacket and aviators, waits at the back of the line. He flirts with the WOMAN in front of him.

When she sees the gun pointed at her, it seemingly does nothing to dent her interest in Will.

QUICK CUTS:

Will systematically robs every woman in the checkout line, all of them apparently happy to forfeit their wedding rings.

When he makes it to the checkout, Will robs the clerk of all the cash in the register and a pack of condoms from behind the counter.

He leaves, hand in hand with one of his female victims and winks for the CCTV as he departs.

BACK TO:

74 EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

74

Guy paces eagerly as Max fills him in...

GUY

Any contenders for our Monopoly Man?

MAX

I think I've narrowed your man down to two suspects. First up, Simmons.

FLASH TO:

75 EXT. CITY, DIAMOND DISTRICT - DAY

75

A SUITED BUSINESSMAN exits a jewelery store with a case handcuffed to his wrist.

MAX (V.O)

Professional thief. Con artist.
You and I both know it takes
brains to succeed at either.

Simmons emerges from the crowd, dressed as a Chauffeur. He follows the man for a while before verging off.

CUT TO:

76 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

76

The Businessman climbs into the car and gives his instructions to his driver, but is taken aback to see Simmons turn in his seat.

MAX (V.O)
 Simmons is more than just your average street thug. White collar type.

Simmons levels a gun at the man.

MAX (V.O)
 More at home cracking safes than skulls.

Undeterred, the man swallows the guy to the cuffs.

MAX (V.O)
 But I get the impression he can get nasty when he wants to.

Simmons grins at the man and brandishes a HATCHET.

CUT TO:

Simmons exits the car, carrying the safe with the chain still attached.

A severed hand now hangs from the other end of the chain, the cuff still locked around the bloody stump of a wrist.

BACK TO:

77 EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

77

MAX
 Last but not least, Edwards. This guy's a fucking enigma. The strong silent type. I've managed to pry a few buzzwords from a few inebriated lips; embezzlement, industrial espionage, racketeering. Other than that, all I've got is dating tips.

78 INT. CASINO - NIGHT

78

Edwards and a TATTOOED SKINHEAD are the last survivors of a poker tournament.

Edwards calmly displays his winning hand. The SKINHEAD readies himself to beat Edwards into a pulp.

But Edwards remains unphased, stoic, deathly calm.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

He's built like a broom handle
but goes through life like he's
got nothing to lose.

Like nature's sharpest predators, Edwards launches himself
at the Skinhead without warning.

BACK TO:

79

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

79

Guy takes in everything while Max takes a breather.

GUY

Friendly bunch that they are, try
not to get too attached. Good
job, Max.

MAX

Call me Ryan, please.

GUY

Fuck that. You're Max, hear me? I
start calling you by your real
name and you'll forget yourself
at a time when you shouldn't.
Don't ever admit who you are, not
even to other coppers.

MAX

Ok, I get it.

GUY

Now go home, get some sleep.

MAX

Sleep?

GUY

That thing you do when you're not
awake.

Max stalks away, slipping into the dark.

80

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

80

Max and Will play cards. Buckets peppered around the place
collect rain water from the leaking roof.

MAX

Nice place.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
It's atmospheric. Builds
character.

MAX
I got character.
(takes a look around)
This your first job?

WILL
First with this crew.

MAX
What is the job?

Will looks over the tops of his cards and directly at Max.

MAX
Just keen to get to work, you
know.

WILL
Getting low on milk money?

MAX
Not me. The action is my payday.

WILL
You and me both, man. You and me
both.

Will takes a HANDGUN from his waistband and shoots at the
roof. Another thin stream of rainwater pours in just over
his shoulder.

Max and Will break out into laughter.

Edwards glides over, his near-skeletal frame moving with
ease.

WILL
Edwards, my dude, pull up a seat,
show us that lovely poker face.
Where's Leighton and Simmons,
they around?

EDWARDS
Max, I need you to get me some
I.D.

MAX
...Who's asking?

EDWARDS
I'm asking.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

What kind you want?

EDWARDS

Library card, Garden centre
discount club? A fucking
passport. That a problem?

MAX

No problem.

Edwards takes in the new leak and the new bullet hole in
the roof before silently walking away.

Will deals.

WILL

Your move.

QUICK CUTS:

81 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

81

Max talks into the phone, affecting a well-spoken accent.

MAX

Hello there, Saint Thomas
Hospital? My name is Robert
Harding and I'm the Liberal
Democrat representative for
Westminster City Council. We're
instigating a new system whereby
we give donations to our female
constituents who have been
recently widowed. I'm hoping you
can help me gather a few details.
Thank you so much.

Max jots down some names on the corner of a newspaper with
a pen. He writes a list of names...

MAX

And those two gentlemen passed
away on the 15th, correct? And
the other gentleman on the 16th?

He writes down the date of death to the corresponding
name.

MAX

Date and place of birth?

Max circles the name JAMES CARPENTER.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Thank you, you've been such a great help. Bye bye now. Don't forget to vote.

82 INT. CAFE - DAY 82

A greasy spoon joint. Steam and noise.

Max sits with a chipped cup of coffee, a sandwich, and a PASSPORT APPLICATION FORM.

He fills in the details according to the identity of one MR JAMES CARPENTER.

83 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 83

Max folds the passport application into an envelope and, using his phone, takes a picture of Edward's passport photo. The photo goes in the envelope.

On his phone, he selects the picture of Edwards and the picture he took in the pub, and sends both to GUY.

84 EXT. CITY BANK - NIGHT 84

A dark car pulls to a corner across the street from the dormant bank. The headlights die. Nothing moves.

85 INT. CAR - NIGHT 85

Max, behind the wheel, looking around, confused. Edwards stares at the bank.

Leighton snores from the comfort of the back seat.

MAX

You want to tell me what we're doing here at three in the morning, freezing our balls off?

EDWARDS

Seeing whether or not that bank has a vault alarm.

MAX

Yeah?

EDWARDS

It's the seventh one we've tried this month, so fingers crossed.

Max holds up two crossed fingers.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARDS

If it has a vault alarm, and that alarm is tripped, it automatically notifies the security company. The security company then calls the Bank Manager. The Bank Manager then has to decide whether or not he or she can be fucked to get out of bed and accompany the police to check out what, most of the time, is a waste of time.

MAX

Is that when we go in? Three AM?

EDWARDS

With that ID you got me, I registered a safety deposit box. In that box I deposited an alarm clock. One of those big fuckers, built to wake the dead. I set it for 2:53. If my alarm goes off, their alarm goes off.

Edwards looks to the clock on the dash; 3:07.

EDWARDS

Fourteen minutes. No Bank Manager. No security. No pigs.
(beat)
No alarm.

MAX

That you're idea?

EDWARDS

(smiles)
Looks like we've got our bank.

MAX

You should smile more Edwards.

Max fires the engine, stirring Leighton.

LEIGHTON

What did I miss?

Max drives, focusing on the bank in his rear view.

86

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

86

Guy and Max meet for their secret rendezvous. Both men smoke.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

So it's a night caper then?

MAX

Starting to look that way. Sorry, no dates yet though.

(beat)

You manage to lift anything from those samples I gave ya?

GUY

Too contaminated. Next time you bring me prints or DNA, try not to play football with them on a pub floor.

(beat)

So what's your role in all of this?

MAX

Simmons has got us going out on little missions and errands, like some modern day fucking Fagin.

GUY

(sing song)

*You gotta pick a pocket or two
boy, you gotta pick a pocket or
two.*

87 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

87

The crew; Max, Will, Ian, Leighton, and Edwards watch and listen as Simmons paces, dealing out orders.

SIMMONS

We're gonna need vehicles. Cold cars, hot cars, getaway cars. Getaways to getaway from getaways. You get me?

88 EXT. CAR SALES YARD - NIGHT

88

Max and Will dart at a crouch between rows and rows of brand new cars.

Together they use a drill to remove license plates.

89 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

89

Max picks a car, takes a wire from inside his jacket, and uses it to unlock the vehicle.

In a flash, he's behind the wheel and backing out of the street at high speed.

- 90 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 90
Simmons continues to give orders to the crew.
- SIMMONS
What about the bank? We need to know everything. Surveillance cameras. Where are they? How many are there? Do they even work?
- 91 INT. BANK - DAY 91
Ian stands in line, a baseball cap obscuring half his face, scanning the inside of the bank, looking for cameras.
- 92 EXT. BANK, STREET - DAY 92
Leighton watches the bank, the people coming and going. He notices that the property directly next door is vacant.
- SIMMONS (V.O)
Access. What's the path of least resistance? What's the lowest risk? Beneath street level?
- 93 EXT. STREET ACROSS FROM THE BANK - NIGHT 93
Max and Will, dressed as maintenance workers, have cordoned off a MANHOLE COVER with sawhorses and amber lights.
They drop down into the hole with flash lights.
- 94 INT. SEWAGE TUNNEL - NIGHT 94
Max and Will crawl through the damp and the dark before coming up against a wall. Above them, another access point.
They climb the ladder, push aside the manhole cover over their heads, and find themselves directly outside the bank's front doors.
- 95 INT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY 95
Ian and Simmons, dressed in business attire, make their way through a crowd of similarly dressed men and women at a networking event. They look out the window at the bank below.

(CONTINUED)

SIMMONS (V.O)

The roof? Is it too visible, too
out in the open? Is it overlooked
by neighbouring buildings?

The two men survey the other buildings that overlook the
bank. Inside they see apartments, offices, gyms. People.
Witnesses.

96 INT. VACANT PROPERTY - DAY

96

Leighton pays no attention to the REAL ESTATE AGENT as he
points to the lighting, the front window, the counter and
coffee-making equipment left to gather dust.

SIMMONS (V.O)

Where can we afford ourselves a
little privacy? Where can we work
undetected?

Leighton instead chooses to fixate on the nondescript wall
that the property shares with the neighbouring bank.

He approaches it and runs a finger over a hairline crack
that stretches a few feet.

ESTATE AGENT

That's purely cosmetic, so no
need to concern yourself with the
structural integrity. A nuclear
bomb couldn't bring that wall
down... the benefits of having a
bank as your next door neighbour.
Reinforced steel, eighteen inches
thick.

He looks back to Edwards, both man sharing an unspoken
understanding.

97 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

97

SIMMONS

Get insider intel. What days do
the bank get their biggest
deliveries? Are denominations
separated for security?

98 EXT. BANK - EVENING

98

Max and Will watch the MANAGERESS (38), slim,
well-dressed, and the SECURITY GUARD (41), bearded,
lock-up for the night and head their separate ways.

Max and Will follow the Security Guard to a BETTING SHOP.

- 99 INT. BETTING SHOP - NIGHT 99
- The Security Guard, red-eyed, drops coin after coin into a slot machine.
- He remains unaware of the two men spying on him. Max and Will fixate on the set of keys dangling from his belt.
- 100 EXT. BANK - EVENING 100
- Another night closing up. This time, Will follows the Manageress.
- 101 INT. BAR - NIGHT 101
- Will and the Manageress sit in a booth, close, drinking and laughing.
- WILL
So what do you do?
- MANAGERESS
I'm a bank manager.
- WILL
Oh really, I actually rob banks for a living.
- She breaks out into laughter.
- 102 INT. MANAGERESSES APARTMENT - NIGHT 102
- Will climbs out of bed from between satin sheets, careful not to wake the Manageress.
- He creeps past the trail of clothes, leading from the bed. He fishes a set of keys from a handbag and makes his way to the window.
- 103 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 103
- Max waits, smoking. He turns when the window above his head opens and catches the set of keys.
- He takes a tin from his pocket, flips the lid, and reveals a PUTTY. He takes an impression of each key, at every angle, using the putty.
- Max tosses the keys back in through the window. Will catches them, returns them to the handbag, and heads back to bed.

104 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

104

Edwards takes over from Simmons. The crew exchange glances.

EDWARDS

Nothing gets left to the last minute, nothing is an after-thought, and nothing gets left to chance. Cover all bases. Dot all I's and cross all T's. Dress appropriately and come prepared with a change of clothes. Escape routes, backups, and hideouts. Make a list, memorise it, then burn it. Gloves, masks, ammonia. Get 'em from your usual trusted sources.

MAX

How about we do those things the legit way?

WILL

Why buy when you can steal?

MAX

You want to get pinched for lifting a pair of Marigolds from a corner shop? You wanna fuck the job and fuck the rest of us in the process? Relieving a warehouse of fifteen litres of ammonia tends to arouse suspicions, trusted source or not. And if your trusted source is already under scrutiny and has heat on them, you can bet they'll be happy to deflect that heat onto you. So buy. Don't buy in bulk, don't buy at the same time or same place, but buy nonetheless. Trusted sources? No such thing.

EDWARDS

...You call, boss.

105 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

105

Max walks alone through the grim end of town. Litter dances across the pavement at his feet. Grime. Shadows. Murky corners.

A WORKING GIRL (21), her face both steely and wounded, steps out in front of Max.

106 EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT 106

Max fucks the prostitute against the wall.

LEIGHTON (V.O)

When you were a kid, is this how
you saw yourself?

107 INT. CAR (MOVING) NIGHT 107

Max drives. Beside him, Leighton. In the back, Will.

LEIGHTON

I've been doing this for as long
as I can remember and it's got me
nowhere.

MAX

You thinking of retiring? Going
legit?

LEIGHTON

Fuck that. I know how this goes;
you either wind up in the ground
or in a cell. But you two, you're
young. It's not too late for
you.

WILL

You gettin' sentimental on us,
old man?

LEIGHTON

I'm a bastard. But you don't have
to be, that's my point.

WILL

But I already got us these.

He pulls on a balaclava.

WILL

What you think?

LEIGHTON

You look like IRA.

108 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 108

A stoop-shouldered DRUNK, dressed in dirty clothes,
staggers his way down the street, under the watchful gaze
of CCTV cameras.

The Drunk rounds a corner, towards the CITY BANK. He
braces himself against the door, using it as support.

(CONTINUED)

The Drunk takes a key from his pocket and slides it into the lock. It's a perfect fit.

The Drunk lifts his head a little, revealing himself to be Max, and nods to a car, waiting in the murky distance.

109 INT/EXT. CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT 109

Inside the car, Will and Leighton nod, wait anxiously.

110 EXT. BANK - NIGHT 110

Max pulls on the key. It is stuck.

He pulls again, harder. It will not move. Max looks back and forth between the waiting car and the stuck key.

Panicked, he pulls harder and harder.

111 INT/EXT. CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT 111

Will points to a moving figure, past Max.

112 EXT. BANK - NIGHT 112

As Max grows more frantic, trying to force the key from the lock, two UNIFORMED POLICE CONSTABLES ROUND the corner.

113 INT/EXT. CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT 113

Will and Leighton each reach inside their jacket and waistband for their respective weapons, but do not draw them.

114 EXT. BANK - NIGHT 114

The COPS are closing in on Max, just a few feet away.

The key refuses to come loose.

CONSTABLE 1

Hey.

The key comes free of the lock with one final, forceful tug, and Max palms it.

CONSTABLE 2

What you playing at?

Max turns around, dick in his hand, pissing onto the pavement.

(CONTINUED)

Hot urine almost splashes on the Constable's boots.

CONSTABLE 2
You dirty fucking bastard.

MAX
(slurring)
Sorry mate, I just needed a piss.

The two cops back off.

CONSTABLE 1
They don't pay us enough to deal
with you.

Max turns around and shuffles past the waiting car.

Will and Leighton both ease their grip on their concealed
weapons.

115 EXT. DOCKS, PARKED CAR - NIGHT 115

Max's car sits at the docks, the windows steamed.

116 INT. CAR - NIGHT 116

Max and the Prostitute both pull on their underwear.

MAX
You like what you do?

PROSTITUTE
I do what I have to.

MAX
Do you think it defines you?

PROSTITUTE
Talk costs extra.

MAX
I want to know who you are.

PROSTITUTE
You know as much as you can
afford to.

MAX
You got a name?

PROSTITUTE
Of course.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

My name's Ryan.

PROSTITUTE

Look, you might think you can buy me, but that don't mean you get to own me.

MAX

How much?

PROSTITUTE

Ready to go again so soon?

MAX

How much to talk? How much for your name, a real name?

PROSTITUTE

....Ten.

Max gives her twenty.

MAX

You say Candy and I'll know you're lying.

PROSTITUTE

Cinnamon.

(beat)

Kidding. Monica. Money well spent?

MAX

If that's the cost of an honest conversation, yeah.

PROSTITUTE

Two strangers meeting to do nothing but fuck like animals is about as honest as human nature gets.

MAX

We ain't strangers any more.

PROSTITUTE

Sure, whatever you say.

Max watches her climb out of the car and walk to another several spaces away. A window slides down as she approaches.

117 EXT. CITY, VARIOUS - NIGHT 117

Max stalks the streets, blending with the dark and gloom.
He is a human shadow. A night creature.

118 INT. APARTMENT - MORNING 118

Max sleeps on the mattress on the floor. He is still in his clothes. An ash tray is piled high.

His phone rings. He answers, his voice like a rake on gravel.

GUY (OVER PHONE)

Max? You haven't checked in for a while. I was getting worried.

MAX

Worried? That's cute.

GUY (OVER PHONE)

Kittens are cute. I'm grim as fuck. Nevertheless, I'm responsible for you. You eaten breakfast?

MAX

Who's buying?

GUY

I'm buying.

MAX

In that case, I'm fucking starved.

119 INT. CAFE - DAY 119

Another greasy spoon, this one worse than the last. Oil and fat has stained the walls yellow. Just sitting inside will raise your cholesterol.

A waitress drops two plates of something unidentifiable in front of Max and Guy.

MAX

It looks like a Great Dane emptied its bowels on my plate.

GUY

Tastes better if you eat with your eyes closed.

Guy tucks into his food, Max pushes his plate aside.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

You got me concerned.

MAX

Didn't have you down as the
doting type, Guy.

GUY

Well appearances can be
deceiving.

(beat)

You look like shit. Do my eyes
deceive me?

MAX

You ever look in a mirror?

GUY

Yeah, and I always look like
shit. What's your excuse?

MAX

Some Dickhead convinced me to go
undercover.

GUY

And now I'm buying you breakfast
to make up for it.

MAX

It's gonna take more than dog
shit on toast after I'm found
floating face down in the fucking
Thames.

GUY

Don't worry I'll tell everyone
you were bobbing for apples.

MAX

Fuck you.

GUY

...You going native?

MAX

What are you talking about now?

GUY

Operation own goal. A bunch of
our own managed to get inside the
Headhunters Gang, undercover. A
firm of Chelsea supporters. It
was only weeks, weeks before the
coppers started carrying out
robberies, assaults, drug related
crimes. Don't go native.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

I'm doing what I got to do. You taught me that. So far it's the only thing that's kept me alive.

Guy nods in understanding. A slight smile.

GUY

Just be careful out there.

MAX

I'm tough.

GUY

Every man has his weak point.

The two go quiet and Max notices the wedding band around Guy's finger.

MAX

You never said you're married.

GUY

Was married.

(beat)

I never wanted the divorce. I kept pretending for as long as I did, played make believe, then one day I came home to an empty house. Seems fair enough. She'd been coming home to an empty house for the better part of our marriage. I'm a walking, talking cliché. I'm a caricature.

(beat)

You and me, we both chose a life that takes more than it gives. We might put people away, but that in itself takes us down a path that ends in prisons of our own making.

MAX

...I had a girl once.

FLASHBACK:

120

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

120

Snapshots. A series of moments:

Max and Grace dancing, a half-eaten meal, left by candlelight.

(CONTINUED)

MAX (V.O)
Before I met her I was a shit.
Fights. Arguments. I could never
keep my cool.

Max takes her hands in his own.

He slides a silk scarf from around the her shoulders.

MAX (V.O)
She made me a better man.

They kiss. Tender. Loving.

MAX (V.O)
She never asked me to change. I
just did. It was like just being
with her was healing. She was my
light in the dark.

Max drapes the scarf across their touching hands, drawing
it away until he reveals an engagement ring.

MAX (V.O)
She never demanded anything of
me. But I couldn't return the
favour. I wanted her to be mine.

Grace shakes her head, full of sorrow.

Max paces, storms across the room and punches a door,
punches a wall. He marches back towards Grace and slaps
her across the face.

Grace runs from Max, from the apartment.

He watches from an upstairs window as she dashes barefoot
into the street.

Max pounds on the window.

Grace turns to face him, doesn't see the car headlights
baring down on her.

BACK TO:

121 INT. CAFE - DAY

121

MAX
Nobody blamed me. But I did.
(beat)
I joined the force after that. I
joined to make amends, to prove
to myself that I can do good. I
got to redeem myself. I can't
cause more hurt.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

She have a name, this girlfriend?

MAX

She had a name.

122 INT. BEDSIT - NIGHT

122

The prostitute's place. Small. Cramped. Sparing flourishes of feminine beauty battle for supremacy over damp and decay.

Max sits propped up in bed while the Prostitute gets dressed beside him.

MAX

You live here alone?

PROSTITUTE

Brad Pitt usually sleeps in the corner between the damp patch and the pizza boxes, but he's out tonight.

MAX

You always this bubbly?

PROSTITUTE

Only with my favourites. Time's up.

Max reaches to a bag on the floor.

MAX

Wait, I got something for you.

He holds out the silk scarf.

PROSTITUTE

What is it?

MAX

You can see what it is.

PROSTITUTE

I mean why? Why give me something?

MAX

I thought you might like it. I want to see you wear it.

PROSTITUTE

I told you, anything specific and it costs.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

No, it's not like that. I just want to see you with it. Monica?

PROSTITUTE

Oh Jesus.

MAX

What?

PROSTITUTE

This is why I have rules. Anytime a guy thinks this is anything more just just transactional he starts to mistake me for either his wife or his mother.

MAX

I'm not like those other guys.

PROSTITUTE

Yeah...you're totally different.

MAX

All I ever wanted was to get to know you, and maybe show you who I am.

PROSTITUTE

I already know exactly who you are.

MAX

You think so?

PROSTITUTE

From the moment you first put it in.

Max reaches boiling point. He wraps the scarf around her throat and pulls. Her face turns red and she bucks and thrashes beneath him.

As if waking up, Max blinks the furry from his head, relaxing his grip and backing away.

The Prostitute gasps and sputters. But she's breathing.

MAX

Oh my God. I'm sorry.

He grabs his things and sprints out through the door.

123 EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT 123

Max vomits into the gutter.

124 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 124

Max and Ian walk the street, each of them scouting the long line of parked cars.

Max is solemn.

IAN

Alloy wheels... nice. Low profile tyres. What d'ya think?

MAX

About what?

IAN

The colour of my eyes. The fucking car, dickhead. What do you think?

MAX

Don't know.

IAN

Something on your mind? Look, I want to like you, but you make it real hard for me.

MAX

Who says you got to like me?

IAN

My conscience.

MAX

You wanna fight in the street or do you wanna get what we came for?

IAN

I suppose we can set aside our differences for now.

MAX

Good. Now shut the fuck up and let me think.

The pair turn a corner and Max finds himself almost face to face with the Prostitute.

He can't breathe. Can't maintain eye contact. Is the first to look away.

(CONTINUED)

PROSTITUTE

Ryan?

He and Ian carry on their way. Max quickens his pace, ushering Ian to match it.

IAN

You know her?

MAX

Huh?

IAN

She call you Ryan, or something?

MAX

Fuck her. She's just some crack-whore, probably don't know what fucking year it is.

Ian looks back and forth between the fading Prostitute and Max.

IAN

You got something you need to get off your chest... Max?

MAX

How many guys you think she meets a month? And how many of those do you think she can tell apart? You wanna go back over, show her your face and play 'Guess Who'? Better yet, flash her your dick.

IAN

Alright, alright.

They move along, checking out cars.

Max looks back, every few moments. The Prostitute becomes a dark dot...

IAN

Bingo. Hey, this is our boy. Jack it.

Ian has found a PANEL VAN, excited.

Max looks back...

Another dot, just as dark, but taller, approaches her...

MAX

You sure?

The two dots become animated, the larger of the two seemingly encroaching on the smaller...

(CONTINUED)

IAN
Positive.

Max watches the more menacing dot manhandle the vulnerable dot and drag her out of sight...

IAN
You waiting for the owner's
permission? Fuck.

Max gets the door open with ease, reaches over to let Ian in, and hot-wires the engine.

125 INT/EXT. VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT 125

To Ian's surprise, Max swings the van around 180 and speeds towards the darkened stretch of pavement where he last saw the Prostitute.

IAN
Where you going?

Ian is further surprised when Max slows to a crawl at the mouth of an alley. Max looks down the length of the alley, sees nothing but dumpsters.

Max thinks things over, weighs his options.

He hits the gas.

126 EXT. STREET, ALLEY - DAY 126

Max retraces his steps, walking the same street as the previous night and towards the alley.

He turns down the alleyway and stops at the sight of POLICE TAPE. The place is a crime scene.

Behind a CONSTABLE, forensics teams and SOCOs scour the place for evidence.

A pair of feet extend from behind a dumpster, one shoe missing. A single trail of blood can be seen, tracing a line down the calf.

Max hangs his head and finds himself looking at a pitiful collection of cut flowers. A Teddy Bear.

Max bends down to take a card from one of the bouquets. He reads... "To my little girl. Lisa, love you now and forever, Mum xxx".

MAX
(whisper)
...Lisa.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTABLE

C'mon now, mate. Move along.

Max pockets the card and gets moving.

127 EXT. CITY STREETS, VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS 127

Max keeps his hands buried in his pockets, head low and shoulders stooped as he stalks.

At his back, at a distant corner, a CAR heads directly towards him, following his path, and slowing to match his pace.

The car remains several paces back, prowling.

Max steps up to a hole-in-the-wall style COFFEE SHOP.

128 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS 128

Max orders his drink and counts out some change.

The SERVER places his coffee on the counter.

As Max looks up, he sees, reflected in the glass, the ARMED MAN extend a gun out of his car window and take aim at the back of Max's head.

Max ducks.

The bullet tears through his coffee cup, showering him in scalding coffee.

Max runs, using parked cars for cover.

The PURSUING CAR again matches Max's pace, quicker this time.

Bullets punch holes in one car, then the next, and the next, as Max sprints.

129 EXT. STREETS, VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS 129

Max takes side streets and tight corners, trying to outrun the car.

But the car is always on him quickly, accelerating at extreme speeds, engine screeching.

Each turn of a corner is punctuated by a stray round punching a hole in a wall and showering Max in brick dust.

Max spots an underpass. He makes a beeline for it.

The Armed Man follows in his car.

130 EXT. UNDERPASS - CONTINUOUS 130

Max sprints down the length of the long, narrow underpass.

The car bears down on him, the sides of the vehicle scraping the sides of the tunnel. Sparks fly.

Max approaches the end of the underpass and the exit comes into the light. It is fenced off. Locked shut.

He turns.

The car is screaming towards him.

Max runs forward, towards the car.

The Armed Man shoots but the bullets don't fully penetrate the windshield.

Max jumps onto the hood and runs over the car, falling as he hits the ground. He quickly picks himself up, and runs back through the tunnel.

131 INT/EXT. ARMED MAN'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS 131

The Armed Man shifts into reverse.

The car bumps, stops and starts. It comes into frequent contact with the walls. He no longer has forward momentum.

The circle of light grows bigger as he nears the entrance to the tunnel.

132 EXT. OVERPASS - CONTINUOUS 132

Max is above ground. He is on the road that stretches directly over the underpass.

He uses a BIN from the street to smash a car window.

Max leans in through the broken window, hot-wires the engine, and grabs a wine bottle that has rolls from the bin.

Still reaching in through the window, Max slides the driver's seat forward and wedges the bottle between the seat and the gas pedal.

Max removes his belt, and ties it between the steering wheel and the gear stick.

He shifts the car into 1st and releases the hand-break.

The car moves at speed, tracing a sharp curve, diverting from the road, and smashes into the wall that stands between it and open air.

(CONTINUED)

The Armed Man backs his car out of the tunnel only to find the world is now raining bricks.

The car falls from above, flips, and lands on the Armed Man's own car, crushing it to half its height.

133 INT/EXT. ARMED MAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 133

The Armed Man, bloody and battered, squeezes himself out of his near-pancaked car.

He falls to the ground and is immediately knocked unconscious by Max.

Max takes his own phone from his pocket... goes to contacts... finds 'GUY'. His finger hovers of the button.

Max keeps scrolling and selects 'LEIGHTON' instead.

134 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 134

The Armed Man comes to, tied to a chair and looking into the face of Leighton.

The whole crew is there.

LEIGHTON

You look like a cunt. Let's see if you bleed like one.

(beat)

Your boss, where is he?

The Armed Man doesn't speak. He breathes and bleeds.

LEIGHTON

Someone get me the cheese-grater.

Max pulls up a chair, face to face.

MAX

How are you?

ARMED MAN

Been better. Been worse.

Max takes out a smoke, lights one for himself and offers the other to the Armed Man.

MAX

Smoke?

ARMED MAN

Maybe after.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

You're not gonna talk, are you?

The man shakes his head, barely perceptible.

MAX

So you're gonna make me do that other thing?

ARMED MAN

That's your choice.

MAX

Because I really don't want to.

ARMED MAN

Then don't.

MAX

If I don't, that lot behind me are gonna want to know why. Even worse, they're gonna want their turn.

(beat)

So believe me when I say I don't want to do this.

Max takes his cigarette and grinds the glowing embers into the man's hand. He screams but he does not talk.

Max takes a drag and the cigarette burns bright again. He pushes it into the man's cheek.

Still, nothing.

Max gets the tip glowing a hot orange and holds it an inch from the man's eye.

MAX

Stare long and hard at those fuckers over my shoulder, because it's the last thing you'll ever see before I put this out on your eyeballs.

Nobody moves. Everybody watches everybody.

WILL

Max.

MAX

I got this.

EDWARDS

I got an idea.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

I said I've got it.

Out the corner of his eye, Max sees the baseball hat. His keepsake from Guy. The Persuader.

Max grabs the bat and drags it across the warehouse floor for emphasis.

MAX

You know how this works?

ARMED MAN

Don't forget to save me that smoke?

Max looks to the back of the Armed Man's skull...

To the CREW...

To the five pairs of eyes watching him, unflinching...

Max swings, bypassing the man's head, and instead aiming for the chair legs.

The legs break away and the chair falls back. The Armed Man hits his head on the concrete floor. His eyes roll back in their sockets and blood begins to pool around his head.

MAX

...Fuck.

The rest of the crew gather round. Someone nudges the man with his foot.

IAN

Is he fucking dead?

WILL

No, just fucked up real bad.

Will reaches down to the man's pocket where something catches the light. He fishes out a single key. The keychain attached declares 'WARREN HOTEL' and boasts a room number: 37.

Will holds the key for everyone to see.

Max hurls the bat at a wall and storms out of there.

While the rest of the crew are distracted by the bleeding Armed Man, Max picks up Will's playing cards.

135 INT. WARREN HOTEL - NIGHT 135

An elevator *PINGS*, doors slide open, and Will, Ian, and Leighton step out onto the third floor.

They walk in silence, full of purpose, checking door numbers as they pass, and stopping at door number 37.

136 INT. HOTEL, ROOM 37 - CONTINUOUS 136

The Fence dries off his face with a towel and hobbles over to the bed with the aid of a crutch.

He's just about to take the weight off his busted leg when there's a knock at the door.

Cautious, he slides a GLOCK out from under the pillow and sidesteps to the door.

A note is slid under the door, gold cresting on the paper identifying it as official notepaper of the hotel.

The writing is small.

The Fence is forced to hunch over, squint. The writing comes into focus; 'KNOCK KNOCK'.

The door is kicked open, slamming into the Fence's nose.

Leighton, Will, and Ian step inside, close the door behind them, and close ranks around the unconscious fence.

QUICK CUTS:

The Fence is lifted onto a chair. His ankles are bound to the chair legs with duct tape, his wrists to the arm rests.

BEEP...BEEP...BEEP. Someone is dialing on a phone.

OPERATOR (V.O)
Emergency services, which service
do you require?

SIMMONS (V.O)
(inflecting a little panic)
Quick, get me the police. Oh my
God, he's gonna kill someone.

Will empties a tube of SUPERGLUE over the Fence's palm and fingers.

Leighton empties the Fence's handgun, pockets the bullets.

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR (V.O)
Can you repeat that?

SIMMONS (V.O)
The room next door, I can hear
her screaming.

Ian presses the gun into the unconscious man's hand, wrapping the fingers around the grip and ensuring they stick.

Leighton shifts the chair around until the Fence - and the muzzle of his gun - are pointed at the door to his hotel room.

137 INT. WARREN HOTEL, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 137

Simmons strides through the fine hotel lobby, talking into a phone.

SIMMONS
He's threatening to kill her. I
heard gunshots. Please hurry.
Room 37, Warren Hotel.

138 INT. HOTEL, THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 138

As Ian and Leighton step back onto the waiting elevator, Will takes a string of firecrackers, lights the fuse, and drops them into the nearest waste bin.

Will slips inside the elevator, the doors slide shut, and the firecrackers detonate.

Moments later, two dozen heads pop out of two dozen cracked doors, murmuring and swapping frightened expressions tales of what the bangs could have been.

139 EXT. WARREN HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 139

Simmons steps outside, hangs up the call, and tosses the phone into a nearby bin.

140 INT. PUB - NIGHT 140

Max, strung out, talks rapid fire. Guy listens, one hand twirling his drink.

MAX
I want out. I want out now. I
don't give a fuck about your
operation and I don't give a fuck
about your John Howard Griffin.
I've had it -

(CONTINUED)

GUY

Calm down.

MAX

Don't tell me to calm down.

GUY

The end justifies the means.

MAX

I've given you the bank, I've given you the how, and I think I know who your monopoly man is.

GUY

'Think'? I can't do shit with 'think'. How many crooks have ever been put away with think?

Max drops the playing cards on the table.

GUY

What's this shit?

MAX

Prints. Every fucking day, while we wait for one of the crew to give orders and advance the job, all we fucking do is sit around playing cards. That there is covered in prints from every man in that crew.

GUY

It's a start.

MAX

It's the fucking end.

GUY

I told you what needs to be done.

Guy takes a banknote from his wallet and slaps it down on the table.

GUY

Get yourself a drink. I'm gonna take a piss.

Left alone at the table, Max removes the condolence card from his pocket, again reading the prostitute's real name: Lisa.

FLASHBACK:

141 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 141

Max slaps Grace.

She runs from him, from their home.

She is struck down by a car, in full view of Max, watching from the window.

BACK TO:

142 INT. WARREN HOTEL, ROOM 37 - NIGHT 142

The Fence begins to come around, lifting his chin from his chest. He finds himself sitting upright and tied to the chair. His mouth has been taped shut.

Panic sets in.

A commotion just outside the door.

SWAT TEAM (O.S)
ARMED POLICE! COME OUT WITH YOUR
HANDS UP!

The Fence struggles against his bands.

SWAT TEAM (O.S)
I REPEAT, OPEN THE DOOR SLOWLY,
AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS
WHERE WE CAN SEE 'EM.

He screams behind the duct tape.

SWAT TEAM (O.S)
IF YOU DO NOT COMPLY WE WILL BE
REQUIRED TO USE DEADLY FORCE.

The Fence begins to sob.

The door frame splinters and the door flies open, slamming into the wall.

A SWAT TEAM MEMBER steps back, holding a battering ram. His place is immediately taken by THREE MORE SWEAT TEAM MEMBERS.

They fill the doorway, assessing the room, and immediately land on the Fence, and the gun pointing at them.

The room erupts into a series of flashes and bangs and gun smoke as The Fence is obliterated by bullets.

143 INT. PUB - NIGHT

143

Max sits, turning the card over in his hand when his phone buzzes.

Guy returns to his seat as Max takes the phone from his pocket, he and Guy both anxious to see the communication from the undercover phone.

Max opens a text, reads it.

MAX

We go in three days. Midnight.

Guy can barely contain his excitement.

GUY

Right, we'll get everything; surveillance team from SO11 will be there, SO8, SO19, fucking tactical firearms unit, flying squad, the fucking lot. Don't worry son, I've got your back. Anything you need. We're gonna go old testament on this asshole. Right?

Max breathes, relieved. Even a little happy.

MAX

Right.

GUY

Good. Good boy. I'm gonna go home and get some sleep. I suggest you do the same. Maybe have that drink first though, eh?

Max lets the moment sink in, lets the relief wash over him.

He snatches up the money Guy left down and heads for the bathroom.

144 INT. PUB, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

144

Max enters, passes a MAN at the urinal, and stands in a stall to piss.

Behind him, the door bathroom door swings open and a third man enters... it is WILL. Max keeps on pissing, oblivious.

Will seemingly does not notice Max either. He heads for the mirror, throws water on his face, and goes inside the stall directly next to Max, and closes the door.

Max finishes up and washes his hands at the sink.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (O.C)

Ryan?

Max freezes, water dripping from his hands.

The MAN from the urinal stands over his shoulder, using the mirror above the sink to engage him.

DAVID

Ryan? Ryan, it's me, Dave.

MAX

I don't know you, man.

DAVID

We did constable training together at Hendon. Where you stationed now?

MAX

Get the fuck out of here.

DAVID

What?

MAX

Do one.

DAVID

(wounded)

...ok, well, maybe I'll see you around on the beat, huh?

Max waits for David to leave and regards his own reflection.

The stall door opens.

Will takes half a step...pauses.

Max and Will lock stares...

WILL

...Max, it's o -

Max moves. In half a second he's across the bathroom, slamming into Will and driving him back into the stall.

He splits his knuckles on the wall tiles, bangs his head and cuts his brow.

The door slams shut behind them.

Inside the stall, Max wraps his hands around Will's throat and begins choking the life from him.

Will's eyes, wide, pearly white but turning blood red, plead desperately. Child-like.

(CONTINUED)

Uncoordinated hands try to fight Max off, but they grow weaker and weaker.

The bathroom door swings open and a DRINKER shuffles inside to relieve himself, oblivious and unaware of the events unfolding behind the stall door.

The Drinker finishes, leaves.

Tears well in Will's eyes just before he dies. Max exits the stall, stuffing Will's legs back inside, and closes the stall door on his way out.

145 INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 145

Max paces, ready to implode. He has the phone to his ear.

MAX

Guy? I fucked up. Call me back.

(beat)

I'm scared.

He throws the phone onto the mattress and collapses to the floor.

146 INT. PUB, BATHROOM - MORNING 146

Detective Cressey observes his FORENSICS TEAMS and SOCO's as they detail the crime scene.

A CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures of Will's corpse.

Guy, a limp cigarette dangling from his lips, observes the whole scene, keeping his distance.

Cressey brags to his team like a high school football coach.

CRESSEY

Another fine citizen. Not sure if we should arrest whoever did it or give 'em an award.

(beat)

Either way, shouldn't take too long to track 'em down, not with all the evidence they kindly left for us to find. Very courteous.

Guy stays silent and his expression almost neutral, but gears are turning.

He takes out his phone as he walks away.

147 INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - MORNING.

147

Max is wide awake in a fraction of a second when he hears a frantic knocking at his door.

His bare feet slap on the cold hard floor as he crosses the apartment.

MAX

Guy?

He opens the door.

Simmons waits on his stoop, dressed head to toe in black.

MAX

Simmons?

Simmons acknowledges Max's freshly scabbed knuckles, the cut above his eye.

SIMMONS

Everything alright?

MAX

Fine.

SIMMONS

Good, 'cause we go in now.

MAX

What d'you mean?

SIMMONS

Today's the big day, we're going in now.

MAX

That wasn't the plan.

SIMMONS

The plan has changed. Let's go.

Simmons gestures towards Max's bare feet.

SIMMONS

Shoes.

Almost in a daze, Max turns back to his apartment and wanders over to the mattress.

He sits to put the shoes on....spots the phone.

Simmons lets himself in and watches from a few feet away.

Max uses his body to hide his actions, shifting sideways, and pulls his shoes on with one hand and uses the other to punch out a message...

(CONTINUED)

"IT'S HAPPENING. NOW". He sends the message to 'GUY' from his contacts.

Max follows Simmons out.

148 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 148

Simmons leads the way to the white panel van before opening up one of the rear doors.

SIMMONS

In the back.

Max thinks on it, weighs his options. He climbs in.

149 INT. VAN (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS 149

Max finds finds himself sharing the back of the van with Leighton, Simmons, and Ian. They toss him a set of blue coveralls, matching the ones they each all wear.

Edwards is behind the wheel.

Max pulls on the coveralls.

MAX

I thought I was driving?

SIMMONS

You're going in.

LEIGHTON

We lost Will.

MAX

What do you mean, you lost him?

IAN

He's dead.

EDWARDS

Know anything about it?

MAX

'Course, I don't know shit about it. Why did none of you tell me?

IAN

We're telling you now.

LEIGHTON

How'd you cut your head?

(CONTINUED)

MAX

I got drunk last night.

IAN

You don't seem too sad about it,
I thought you and him were close?

MAX

Sad? I'm fucking livid. I'm
pissed off that we're taking the
bank unprepared.

IAN

So you weren't friends?

MAX

We're fucked. We're totally
fucked.

SIMMONS

We've watched the bank, we know
enough.

MAX

There's a whole wealth of shit we
don't know. We're not prepared
for a day job.

EDWARDS

Not too far now.

Simmons distributes the automatic weapons. Magazines are
slapped into place, safeties switched off, guns cocked.

SIMMONS

Ok gentlemen, any of you who have
taken a bank before will know
that you do it in 120 seconds or
less. For the less educated among
us, that's two minutes. In and
out under that time and I will
personally give you a gold star
and a smiley face. Any longer
than that and we're either in
jail or dead. Now, I value all
human life, especially my own, so
please, no fuck ups.

IAN

We all die some day, it's what we
do to procrastinate that counts.

EDWARDS

Masks on.

The crew pull on masks that resemble the human face.
Expressionless, but painted with the St George's cross.

(CONTINUED)

SIMMONS

We want 20s and 50s only. Any denominations lower than that, and it'll be too damn heavy. You can't steal what you can't carry. Anything bigger than that, and it'll draw suspicion. You try buying a pack of smokes from Patel's multi-mart with a hundred pound note and then ask for your change.

MAX

So we're doing this?

IAN

All for one, and every motherfucker for himself.

Edwards stops the van and Simmons throws the doors open. The crew file from the van, each of them wielding a machine gun.

150

EXT. BANK - DAY

150

PASSERS BY instinctively back away from the armed men exploding from the van, parked directly outside the bank.

The crew storm the bank, Max taking up the rear.

Customers are shoved to the floor and ordered to remain down at gunpoint.

EDWARDS

Max.

Edwards throws Max a thick cable tie. Max uses this to tie the two front door handles, creating their own lock.

Max finds himself almost face to with the the Security Guard, sees him reaching for the radio on his belt.

Max chooses not to act.

LEIGHTON

30 seconds down.

Ian brings the butt of his weapon down between the Guard's shoulder blades and takes the radio, tossing it to Max.

Max holds the radio in his hand. Sees a red button. 'ALERT'.

SIMMONS

Deal with that.

A red led light on the radio already flashes.

(CONTINUED)

Leighton snatches the radio from Max and smashes it.

EDWARDS

Customers to the ground. Staff,
face the wall, noses to the
paint. If you have a key to the
vault raise a hand.

Nobody raises a hand.

EDWARDS

It doesn't pay to be dishonest.

LEIGHTON

45 seconds down.

EDWARDS

We want to hurt nobody, but we
are prepared do what we have to.

Still nobody raises a hand.

EDWARDS

Max.

Max join Edwards at his side.

EDWARDS

The manager, find her.

Max goes to the first in line of those with their noses
touching the wall.

LEIGHTON

One minute down.

He grabs a shoulder, turns her. It's not her.

The next woman, also not her.

Max grabs the third female by the shoulder, turns her, and
looks through the eye holes in his mask at the Manageress.

Max moves to the fourth and final woman, spins her around
to face the bank and the crew. He takes a step back,
reconvening with Edwards.

MAX

She's not here. We should walk.

Edwards takes a look around and the crew all take a moment
to regard each other, silent and contemplative, each
seeing only eyes.

IAN

Fuck this.

(CONTINUED)

Ian pushes his way behind the counter, grabs the nearest clerk, and forces their hands flat on the counter. He takes aim...

IAN

You left handed or right handed?

The Manageress raises her hand, in it she holds one unusual key (it matches the kind Max made a mold of).

MANAGERESS

I have it.

Edwards turns to Max, says nothing. Says it all with his stare.

LEIGHTON

One minute, 15 seconds.

Simmons escorts the Manageress to the rear of the bank and to the vault.

Edwards follows.

EDWARDS

Leighton, Ian, keep on crowd control. Max, come with us.

MANAGERESS

It won't work, you need two keys. They need to be turned simultaneously.

Simmons pulls on a chain around his neck. From his collar emerges a KEY, matching the other.

SIMMONS

Sorry Will never called back. Don't hold your breath, neither.

Edwards moves the Manageress back with a hand to her shoulder, takes the key from her and gives it to Max.

Max and Simmons stand on opposite sides of the seven feet wide vault door. On either side is a single slot - a keyhole.

Using nods of their heads and hand gestures, Simmons and Max synchronise movements. They turn their respective keys simultaneously.

A rush of air.

Solid, heavy metal sliding, spinning.

The vault door opens.

(CONTINUED)

Max, Edwards, and Simmons take in the sight of hundreds of thousands of pounds in bank notes.

MAX

Jesus.

EDWARDS

Hell of a retirement fund, eh,
Max?

LEIGHTON (O.C)

THIRTY SECONDS LEFT.

QUICK CUTS:

Money is stuffed into sports bags and thrown from the vault to the hall.

The bags are then carried through the bank and left at the front door, guarded by Leighton.

Throughout it all, the Crew themselves are uneasy, tightly wound, working silently and communicating through looks and enigmatic glances.

The crew assemble the final bag of cash at the door and gather before exiting.

Simmons uses a knife to cut through the cable tie holding the doors shut and pushes his way outside.

151 EXT. BANK/VAN - CONTINUOUS

151

The crew move almost as one, packed together tightly, back towards the van.

SIRENS.

TYRES SCREECHING.

SIRENS WAILING, LOUDER, LOUDER.

VOICES. SHOUTED COMMANDS. HARSH, THREATENING, AND AUTHORITATIVE.

Chaos. Copes everywhere.

The bank and the van are surrounded by ARMED POLICE and POLICE VEHICLES.

The crew fan out a little, using the van for cover, and raising their weapons.

Max's head spins. He takes it all in.

A calm comes over him. A stillness.

(CONTINUED)

He has paused, half in-half out the rear of the van, two bags of money in his hands.

One foot rests on the MANHOLE COVER.

He shifts his foot a little, feels the weight of the bag in his hand.

ARMED COPS and SWAT TEAMS yell angry commands.

Max is hidden by the crew, each member forming a protective barrier between him and the cops.

As if reading each others thoughts, every crew member surrenders their weapon.

The POLICE move on them immediately, and they quickly find themselves cuffed and lying face down in the street.

TWO DOZEN OFFICERS swarm in and around the bank, around the van.

CUT TO:

152 INT. SHARED HOLDING CELL - DAY

152

Edwards is shoved inside by the desk Sergeant, joining Max, Simmons, Ian, and Leighton.

EDWARDS

Get your fucking hands off me.

LEIGHTON

What did the pig want to know?

EDWARDS

Just kept asking about the money.

SIMMONS

You too?

The door slams shut and Guy looks in through the bars. He throws in a cigarette, smoked down to the filter.

GUY

Thanks ladies, you've been a tremendous help.

(beat)

Times up. I understand your transport has arrived to take you to lock-up.

He's about to leave, stops himself.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

Just in case any of you can read,
here's something to pass the
time. Something you'll have
plenty of.

Guy throws the newspaper through the bars.

Max, confused, hurt and lost, watches Guy leave.

Edwards kicks the newspaper. It fans out and flies towards
Max, who picks it up, curious.

Something he sees catches his attention, makes his jaw
drop.

153 INT. POLICE PRECINCT, HALLWAYS - DAY 153

Guy nods to the Desk Sergeant as a show of appreciation as
he leaves.

A suited detective entering the building passes Guy and
turns to watch him leave. It is Cressey, momentarily lost
in thought, as if trying to recall Guy's face.

Cressey shows his ID to the Desk Sergeant.

154 EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY 154

Guy strides out of the building. He strips off his tie and
discards it in a bush.

A WOMAN with two toddlers and a baby in stroller and a
cigarette in her mouth asks him;

WOMAN

You got a light?

GUY

Sorry, don't smoke.

155 INT. SHARED HOLDING CELL - DAY 155

Max reads on, scrolling down the page of the paper.

A whole article follows the headline; 'POLICE OFFICER
FOUND STRANGLED'. The article is accompanied by a picture
of WILL, in full police uniform.

A small orange card falls from between the newspaper
pages.

FLASHBACK:

156 EXT. BAR - NIGHT 156

Guy is energised, telling Max about the Monopoly Man...

GUY

He likes to play games, leave clues. Toys with the boys in blue.

BACK TO:

157 INT. SHARED HOLDING CELL - DAY 157

Max picks up the card. Written on the back; 'TRY THIS'

FLASHBACK:

158 INT. POLICE PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 158

Max and Guy, going at each other...

MAX

They're gonna kill me. Unless you can get me out of this shit, I've got to go back in there.

GUY

And I'll be bringing them in here too. They're all getting interrogated. They'll all be getting the same treatment.

FLASH TO:

159 INT. POLICE PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 159

Guy, at the desk in the interrogation room...

GUY

Remember, maintain cover at all times. No matter what. Got it?

SIMMONS

At what cost? Aren't we supposed to be the good guys?

QUICK CUT:

GUY

You've done exactly what I asked, everything to the letter.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

I don't even know who the fuck I
am anymore?

QUICK CUT:

GUY

What did you do to become such a
convincing villain? You're like
Ted Bundy's evil twin.

EDWARDS

You think I'm proud of that?

QUICK CUT:

GUY

I'll never forget what you've
done for the force...for me.

LEIGHTON

Just get me out of here.

BACK TO:

160 INT. SHARED HOLDING CELL - DAY

160

Max turns over the little orange card....

GUY (V.O)

Seems obvious when you think
about it; why rob a bank when you
can just get someone else to do
it for you?

Max holds a GET OUT OF JAIL FREE card, taken from a
Monopoly game.

GUY (V.O)

...Let them take the risk. Fuck
it, right?

MAX

...He played us. HE FUCKING
PLAYED US.

FLASHBACK:

161 INT. PUB - NIGHT

161

Max sits alone, reading over Lisa's condolence card.

Guy watches him from across the pub, tapping out a message
on a PHONE... '3 DAYS FROM NOW. WE GO IN AT MIDNIGHT'. He
sends the message to MAX.

(CONTINUED)

Guy returns to the table and Max takes his phone from his pocket.

Max reads from the phone;

MAX

We go in three days. Midnight.

Guy can barely contain his excitement.

FLASHBACK:

162 INT. PUB, BATHROOM - MORNING 162

Guy turns away from the sight of Will's dead body and gets busy punching out a message on his phone...

'WE GO NOW. TODAY'.

It sends to multiple recipients - 5 different contacts.

BACK TO:

163 EXT. DOCKS - DAY 163

Guy unloads black sports bags from a van and onto a moored yacht.

164 INT. POLICE PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 164

Max now sits, desperate and broken, before DI Cressey.

A knock at the door.

CRESSEY

Come in.

Two UNIFORMED COPS enter carrying black sports bags and dump them on the table between Cressey and Max.

MAX

You found the money?

CRESSEY

It appears it was precisely where you said it would be.

FLASHBACK:

165 INT. SEWAGE TUNNEL - DAY 165

Guy, wearing waterproofs, a hardhat and a head torch, crawls through the long tunnel. He carries a pair of sports bags.

He smiles when he finds additional sports bags beneath the manhole cover overhead. He unzips one, finds the BANKNOTES inside.

He swaps the bags he finds for the ones he carries.

BACK TO:

166 INT. POLICE PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 166

Max watches Cressey open the bags, eager. Ready to be relieved.

Cressey reaches in and pulls out handfuls of brightly coloured Monopoly money.

CRESSEY

Do not pass go. Looks like you're going directly to jail, son.

Max hangs his head in his hands, hyperventilating.

FLASHBACK:

167 EXT. DOWN THE STREET FROM THE BANK - DAY 167

Guy emerges from the sewer.

He looks down the street at the police cars, officers, and police tape surrounding the bank.

Two officers are busy dragging the manhole cover from the entrance point directly between the van and bank entrance.

He smiles to himself.

BACK TO:

168 EXT/INT. YACHT, DOCKS - DAY 168

Guy loads the last of the money onto the boat and goes below deck.

In front of a mirror, he shaves, changes his hair.

GUY (V.O)

The art of deception. Convincing people you're something you're not.

(CONTINUED)

FLASHBACK:

169 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

169

Guy walks circles around Will. Will wears his constable uniform...

GUY

Call yourself Will. You're a womaniser. Cocky. But charming. You're in it for the thrill more than the money.

QUICK CUT:

Guy is in Ian's face. Iain too is in uniform...

GUY

Regale them all with a story about a time you threw your partner out the getaway car.

QUICK CUT:

Guy passes Leighton, dressed in uniform, a lit cigarette.

GUY

You're the kind of man that makes other men exit buildings from fourth story windows.

QUICK CUT:

Guy invites Simmons to look out at the cityscape.

GUY

Knocking off corner shops, no? You're a schemer. A man with a plan.

Guy reaches up, takes Simmons' uniform hat and throws it on a small pile with the rest of his police uniform.

QUICK CUT:

Edwards and Guy.

GUY

Let them believe you're a closet psycho. If they're bad, be worse. They pull teeth? You're the guy that wears 'em as a necklace.

Guy tosses a lit match onto a small pile of clothes; his uniform. In his other hand he holds a bottle of paraffin.

The clothes go up in flames.

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO:

170 INT. POLICE PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 170

Max is mid-breakdown. Cressey is almost enjoying himself.

MAX

I was told I was relieved of my duties, that that was how SO10 operates.

(beat)

Did nobody here ask themselves where the ruck I was?

CRESSEY

I'm surprised to see you at all, let alone on that side of the table. Not after you quit.

MAX

Quit?

Cressey lays a tape recorder on the table, again, enjoying himself. He hits play...

FLASHBACK:

171 INT. GUY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT 171

Guy discreetly hits record on his phone...

MAX

What the fuck are you doing?
Asshole!

The car is one second from plunging into the murky water.

MAX

FUCK-YOU-I-FUCKING-QUIT.

172 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY 172

Guy has a phone to his ear.

CRESSEY (OVER PHONE)

You've reached detective inspector Nick Cressey. I'm away from my desk, please leave a message.

Guy puts the cellphone to the payphone and hits play on the recorded message...

(CONTINUED)

MAX (RECORDED)
Asshole!...

BACK TO:

173 INT. POLICE PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 173

Max sits in stunned silence as he listens to the recording of himself.

MAX (RECORDED)
FUCK-YOU-I-FUCKING-QUIT.

CRESSEY
Charming. You don't remember leaving me that lovely little message on my machine?

MAX
Fuck me.

CRESSEY
Oh you're fucked just fine.

Cressey picks up a sheet and reads from it...

CRESSEY
Found in possession of stolen credit cards, evidence pertaining to other crime scenes, forged identity documents, aggravated assault, possession of illegal firearms, grand theft auto, and armed robbery.

MAX
I've told you, this guy, a copper, a detective, Guy Sabo -

CRESSEY
We've heard it. All you guys told it the same. The good news is you've at least got your stories straight, the bad news is, we don't believe a word of it.

(beat)
The fucking Monopoly Man? Maybe we should put him in a lineup with Captain Crunch and Mister Potato Head.

(beat)
What went wrong, boy?

174 EXT. YACHT, DOCKS - DAY 174

Guy releases the mooring and sets sail.

GUY (V.O)
Every man has his weak point.

175 INT. POLICE PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 175

Simmons, shell-shocked, is in the hot seat.

CRESSEY
Inspector John Booker. Lost a son
to violent crime.

QUICK CUT:

Leighton, broken.

CRESSEY
Michael Dunn. Twenty two years on
the force and never made it past
sergeant. Passed over for
promotion nine times. Leave you a
little bitter, did it?

QUICK CUT:

Ian, angry.

CRESSEY
Detective constable Aiden
Coughlin. Your name's mentioned
in several reports citing you for
unnecessary use of excessive
force.

QUICK CUT:

Edwards, a ghost.

CRESSEY
So you're DI Francis Hawke. Says
here you've refused any and all
treatment for advanced lung
cancer.
(beat)
Looks like you're gonna die in a
prison cell.

QUICK CUT:

Max, a nervous wreck. A shell.

(CONTINUED)

CRESSEY

You're now also looking at a murder charge. You've got a temper on you, eh?

(beat)

...Guy Sabo? Never heard of him. We even checked, there is no Guy Sabo anywhere in the MET.

FLASHBACK:

176 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 176

Max and Guy walk and talk...

GUY

People take things at face value....A cock up the ass don't make you a queer any more than a badge makes you a copper...

177 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 177

Guy steps in front of the door, blocking Max's entrance. He tosses his cigarette.

GUY

I'm police. CID. Name's Guy, Guy Sabo.

MAX

Says who?

GUY

(shows his badge)
Says this.

BACK TO:

178 EXT. YACH (MOVING) - DAY 178

Guy takes his POLICE BADGE and ID from a pocket and throws it overboard.

179 INT. POLICE PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 179

Max is frantic, cracking. On the verge of tears. He's a broken man. He pleads...

MAX

I'm police. I'm one of you guys.

(CONTINUED)

CRESSEY

You might be police, but you're
not one of us.

180 EXT. YACHT, OPEN SEA - DAY 180

Max looks back at land and ahead at the open sea ahead of
him.

CRESSEY (V.O)

It just goes to show, you think
you know someone. But you never
really do.

181 INT. POLICE PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 181

Cressey looks Max up and down, takes in the hand tremors,
the bloody knuckles, cut brow.

He directs Max to look at himself in the two way mirror.

CRESSEY

Take a look son, do you even know
yourself?

Max screams at what he sees.

182 EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY 182

Edwards, Simmons, Ian, Leighton, and Max are lead away in
chains and handcuffs from their cell and to the waiting
PRISONER TRANSPORT VEHICLE.

FLASHBACK:

183 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 183

Over the sound of...

*Heavy metal doors sliding and slamming shut. Rattling
keys. Muffled shouts of aggression.*

Max kisses Grace, hits her.

SLAM. A CELL DOOR CLOSES.

THE END.